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VOLUME VIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1874. NUMBER 8

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A. CALLAGHAN, JR., }
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Ebensburg, Feb. 20, 1874.-6t.*

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Over the Falls; or, the Logman's Ride.

A rude though substantial log cabin stood on the bank of an ice-bound river, in the heart of a great Maine forest; and around the boisterous fire that rose and fell in the huge log chimney, were seated a score of men. Without, the rain was pouring down in torrents, borne in great sheets against the walls and roof of the cabin by the strong wind that came like a race-horse from the south and east. It was the annual March storm that freed the rivers from the icy fetters of winter, and forced the way for the great mass of logs, that all through the cold months had been piled upon their banks, to find their way down to the cities by the ocean; and the occupants of the cabin were rivermen, whose duty it was to keep the struggling mass in the stream, and so prevent each log from wandering off singly into by and forbidden channels in search of adventure on its own account. All through the winter they had toiled in the swamp until the melting snows had rendered further efforts in that direction impossible; and now, each man hailed with joy the the storm that would send him on his way down over the rushing river, toward home and friends to whom they had bidden adieu nearly six months before.

The group before the fire were engaged in various ways in which to pass away the time. Some of them were gathered around the table, where a party were having a game of "high low jack." Those looking on seemed to take as much interest in the play as those engaged, and each player had his particular friend or backer to urge him on when fortune frowned, or to applaud when, by some master stroke, he was triumphant.

Other groups gathered more immediately about the fire, and were engaged in story-telling, another popular amusement among the logmen; relating stories that they had heard, or incidents of a somewhat marvelous character that had befallen them, in their long career in the forests and on the rivers; and many are the thrilling stories this class of people can relate, without departing from the truth in their narration; for no other occupation is so full of danger aside from that of a sailor or soldier, as that of the logman. Seldom is there a drive that ever reaches its place of destination without claiming as a sacrifice one or more of those who set out full of life and expectations of soon seeing those dear to him, from whom he had been parted so long.

Others were talking of home, and of the probability of soon being on their way, while others still sat mute and apart by themselves, either listening to the conversation of the rest, or thinking, perhaps, of wife or children, or of some one dear to him, but who as yet bore not his name, but would as soon as he could once more reach her side; and to these the fierce roaring of the storm made music, and a stranger looking in upon them would have said that another so happy, stalwart a crew would be hard to find, even in that section which is famous for its tall, broad-chested men.

"What is that you are saying, Bill Brown?" demanded one of the players at the table, as he held the ace of diamonds suspended between his thumb and finger while in the act of playing.

"I was telling the boys here that I went over 'Wildcat Falls,' and came out all safe and sound, never once losing my hold upon the log I had been riding," was the answer.

"That's a lie, and a big one, too. That does for that ten spot;" and the ace descended upon the table with a force that was supposed to give greater stress to both assertions the speaker had made.

"Do you mean to call me a liar, Cy. Gordon?" demanded Brown, springing to his feet and taking a stride over to where the offender was sitting, coolly drawing in the game his last trick had taken, as if he had said nothing offensive.

"I do, if you mean to tell that story for the truth. I've drove on that stream myself, and I know that the man ain't alive who could go over Wildcat Falls, and come out alive, much less not lose his hold upon the log he was riding. Such a thing is impossible."

"It may be for you that can't ride a log any more than a sheep. I wonder what you are up here in the woods for?" exclaimed Brown, tauntingly, and with anger blazing in his eye.

"One thing I came for was to hear you lie," said Gordon, coolly, as he played another card.

In a moment Brown's fist was clenched, and he aimed a blow at the skeptical player that, had it reached its destination, would have felled its recipient to the floor, but one of those sitting by watching the play knocked up his arm, and the blow went wide of its mark, while its sender almost pitched head foremost upon the table.

"How careless you are, Brown!" said Gordon, without seeming to notice that the blow had been aimed at his head. "Don't you see that you have mixed these cards so that we can't tell t'other from which? It's almost as bad a mess as you made of your Wildcat Falls story."

"Sit down, Brown, and you, Gordon, hold your tongue. I'll have no quarrelling or fighting here, for I want you to have whole hands and heads to-morrow, for if it keeps on raining, there will be plenty for us to do," said Sam Hartwell, the boss of the crew, a great six foot giant, whose word among the men was law, and if any saw fit to rebel, his fists were like a pair of sledge-hammers, and few there were who cared to come in contact with them, much preferring to abide by the decision of his words.

Brown muttered something about not caring to be called a liar and went to his seat, where he sat without making much conversation the rest of the evening, while Gordon went on with the game without a word.

At the usual hour, the logmen went to rest, with the tempest sounding in their ears, mingled with the increasing roar of the falls, half a mile below, as the volume of water gathered strength, and went surging downward, carrying on its bosom a mingled mass of timber and ice, piled together by the embrace of winter.

With the earliest dawn the camp was astir. The rain had ceased, but not until it had accomplished all that could be required of it. The river was free from ice, and was running like a mill-race, its surface covered with foam and straggling pieces of ice, hurrying on as if to overtake the main body far in advance. Most of the great piles of logs were gone, but there were some that still hung to the bank at the landing, and as soon as they could see, the men were busily at work turning them out into the stream.

About half a mile below the landing there was a fall of considerable magnitude, stretching entirely across the river; the roar of which could be heard a mile above or below. Between this and the landing, the river was full of sharp, jagged rocks, some of which even now showed black heads above the water, causing the flood to ebb and boil like a seething cauldron. The descent was considerable to the brow of the falls; with steep banks on either side, through which the water poured with great speed. Upon one side, near the brow of the falls, the bank sank down almost to the edge of the water, while just above, through a break in the cliffs, a stream of considerable magnitude emptied itself into the river. Such briefly was the aspect of the place with which we have to do.

About half way between the landing and the falls, one of those black, jagged rocks showed itself above the water in nearly the center of the stream, and against this a pile of logs, perhaps a hundred in number, had jammed, and as the river had already commenced to fall, there was no prospect of their starting off of their own accord. Consequently it was necessary for some one to endeavor to reach it and dislodge them. This was no easy task to do, for they had no boat at this point. The only way to reach it was by means of logs, upon which some one well skilled in riding them might pass over in safety. But to return to the bank would be the most dangerous part of the undertaking, for the cliffs that formed them were so steep that to ascend them from the water's edge was next to impossible. This jam and the prospect of dislodging it, kept running in the minds of all, as the logs were rolled in, with the exception of half a dozen that had been retained to form a raft for those who should undertake the dangerous enterprise.

The cook's horn sounded for dinner at this point of the operations, and before the meal was through, two men had announced their willingness to dislodge the jam. They were the foes of the evening before, Brown and Gordon. Something was said in a joking manner to the former, that he was used to going over falls, and that it was his duty to go on the jam; and he had declared his willingness to do so, providing that Gordon would accompany him, upon another and single log. This the latter had at once agreed to do, and as the boss knew them both to be good river men, and smart, agile fellows, he made no objection to their going, thinking, perhaps, that it might be the means of healing the ill-will that existed between them.

As soon as dinner was over the men gathered upon the banks, to witness the breaking of the jam. The boss, in company with the volunteers, went down to the edge of the falls and saw that there was no difficulty in bringing their logs to the bank at that place, so they were quietly to allow themselves to float down to this place before attempting to land.

This important matter decided upon, they returned to the landing, and each selecting a log to his mind, sprang upon it, pike-pole in hand, and pushed out into the stream.

"Be careful, boys!" shouted the boss after them. "Keep close to this shore after you break the jam. The water draws hard over the falls, and the further out you are the more trouble you'll have in getting ashore."

Once in the current, the frail logs upon which the two men stood, sprang from wave to wave like things of life, threatening each moment to throw them into the boiling flood beneath them; but both had long been used to this mode of locomotion, and they kept their balance in a manner that was perfectly wonderful to those who never had ventured afloat on so frail a bark. With the sweep of their pike-poles they guided the logs in the direction they wished, and in a few moments, Brown who was in the advance, sprang upon the jam. He was followed in a moment by Gordon, and while their logs, no longer wanted, floated down towards the falls, they fell to work upon the pile beneath them with a will.

They had hoped to have been able to find the key-log that held the jam, and so start the logs together, after a few moments labor; but this they soon found was impossible, so closely were they wedged against the rock, and so great was the force of the water hurled against it; and so they labored on for half an hour, dislodging a few at a time, until at last a trembling beneath them gave notice that the jam was about to move.

"Come on, Bill, they are off," shouted Gordon, as he sprang off one of the outer logs and with a sweep of his pike freed it from the struggling mass, and set off on his swift downward course.

"Come back," shouted Bill. "Here's a half dozen that mean to stay. I tho't you would have courage to keep by a fellow until the work was done."

Bill knew that it was impossible for him to return or did he need him. He thought it was a good chance to pay him off for the words of the evening before, and so he improved it. Stepping from the logs upon the rock, which afforded at the best but an uncertain foothold, he with a little labor loosened them, and they commenced floating down the stream. With a leap he sprang on the hindmost, maintaining his balance easily as a practiced rope-walker would have done, and allowed the log to float downward after its companions. The water rushed and boiled like a huge caldron on either side and every now and then through the flash of the foam the dark-headed rocks would show themselves for a moment, and the next be submerged by the rushing torrent. These he would avoid by a sweep of the pole, while every moment added to the velocity by which he moved, until at last, as the falls burst into sight round a cove, it seemed almost a wonder how it was that he managed to keep his balance, upon his uneasy footing.

Gordon had gone over the same route but a moment before, and was standing in triumph on the edge of the bank, to which he had brought his log as easily as he would have managed a canoe; and there among his companions who had run down to witness their landing, he stood watching the coming of Brown, who was making the perilous journey with as much eclat as he had done.

On he came, with now and then a dip of the pole in the water, and already he began to shape his course in where he stood, when suddenly a rush and a roar, that mingled with the din of the falls, sounded above them and a great mass of ice and water that had been detained, by a barrier in the brook that had emptied into the river, gave way, and came pouring down a fierce torrent, shooting far out into the current. A cry of horror burst from the lips of the spectators as they saw that it had caught the log upon which their comrade was approaching and in spite of all his efforts was carrying him out into the centre of the river, while at the same time he was nearing the brow of the falls, at a speed that showed that no earthly power could save him from taking the fatal leap.

"For God's sake, strike for your life," shouted the boss, as he saw the terrible danger; but the man needed not this to incite him to do his utmost; but which he knew would avail him nothing. Each moment brought him nearer to the fearful spot and at last he ceased from his efforts, and turned a white, ghastly face towards his mute companions. For a moment the log seemed to balance upon the very verge of the falls, while Brown seemed hung suspended in the air, and the next moment the fearful leap was taken, and both man and log were plunged into the raging pool below.

"Follow me," shouted Hartwell, as he sprang down over the cliffs; but this order was not needed, for some of the men had already reached the edge of the great barrier into which the waters thundered before them, and eagerly they scanned the surface of the foam covered caldron, but with very faint hope indeed that they would ever see aught of their comrade again. But a moment after, such a shout arose as the falls never heard before, and even its voice for a time was drowned; for out from the mist that rose up like a vapor or curtain, hiding the face of the cataract, they saw the head and shoulders of Bill Brown clinging to a log, which the action of the water was rapidly moving towards the edge of the pool, and three minutes later, eager and willing hands pulled him ashore, among whom was Cy. Gordon, who exclaimed as he grasped him by the hand:

"I take back all I have said, Bill, and vote myself a fool in the bargain; and if ever I hear you tell that you have been over Niagara, it's so."

A faint smile spread over Bill's face, but as yet he had not found his tongue. They carried him up to the cabin and by the next day he was as well as ever; and during the rest of the drive none cared to dispute his stories, however improbable they might seem.

THE anti-temperance people of America hopelessly implore, "Die, O Lewis!" and add that they will cheerfully pay the expenses of a first-class funeral.

THE BLACK ART IN SIAM.

WONDERFUL TRICKS BY ROYAL JUGGLERS —THE MIRACLES OF ANCIENT DAYS SURPASSED IN THE PRESENT.

SAIGON, November 28.—Last year, when I was in Bangkok, I heard so much of the "sacred troop" of jugglers from Paklaie and their secular performances—especially the last one in the great pagoda of Phnom, the remembrance of which seemed to be vividly imprinted upon the minds of all who witnessed it—that, when I learned they were to perform again in the temple of Juthia during the festivities attending the young King of Siam's coronation, I determined to make an extraordinary effort to be pesent. My friend, Prince Pha-tajac, when I told him of some of the remarkable conjuring and ledgerdemain I had seen in Japan, and in Bengal also, at the Rajah's court, near Moorshedabad, used to shrug his shoulders and say: "This is all trick! You should see the royal troop of Paklaie. Don't you know that sorcery is indigenous to the soil of Laos?" Then he would add, "But of course you cannot see Tepada and Norodom; you are not initiated, nor a noble of Siam." And he would give me no more satisfaction about it, question him as I might.

Not long since I was conversing with a Jesuit priest in Saigon, and he told me that he scarcely knew how to understand or to deal with these people. "I was expatiating to a native," said he, "upon the resurection of Lazarus as a proof of the Saviour's divine mission. 'Why, that is nothing,' said the man. 'Tapada's people from Paklaie do that every time they perform. I saw them revive the old Saint Stung-Teing myself at the great pagoda of Phnom, and everybody knows Stung-Teing has been dead these 600 years, and only comes to life once in a while, when Tepada's people want him. He is the father of Tepada, of Norodom, in fact of all their race, and comes when they call him."

I found, indeed, that the prospect was very slim for me to see the feats of this mysterious fraternity. The royal family of Siam is claimed to be natives of Paklaie, and this troop of jugglers is of the royal race—a branch, however, that only claims priestly, not imperial prerogatives. They never perform in public at all, nor in the presence of witnesses at any time, except upon two occasions. One of these is the incremation of the dead king; the other, the coronation of the young king. This is reported to have been their custom from time immemorial. I could not hear that their performances had ever been witnessed by any white man or stranger. Indeed, no one was admitted but certain branches of the Siamese nobility, having either relationship to the royal blood or certain hierocratic affinities, and certain persons said to be "initiated," and holding high grades in a semi-religious confraternity akin to our Free-masonry in purposes perhaps, but in regard to which I have never been able to get any very definite information. These privileged persons flock to the performances whenever they take place—sometimes not for a generation—but always in one or the other of five of the great tembles or pagodas of Siam and Laos.

Nevertheless, when I found on November 1 that the French frigate *La Reine des Exossais* was going round from Saigon to Bankok, to participate in the coronation ceremonies, and that I could secure passage in her as a supernumeraire, I very quickly packed my portmanteau and went aboard. Arrived at the Siamese capital, I lost no time in calling to pay my respects to my amiable friend, Prince Pha-tajac. I found the household of his Royal Highness in the greatest possible distress of mind. The coronation was to come off on the 16th. It was now the 7th, and Mme, Litti-Mondatch, the Prince's first wife—a noble creature she is, too, fitted to adorn any circle—was laid up in all the agonies of a formidable bone felon, while neither the European nor the native doctors of Bangkok could make any head against it. I was the very man for the occasion, and I seized it like a veritable *Deus ex machina*. I remembered me of my old grandmother's remedy for the atrocious ailment—a remedy proved infallible in a thousand trials—and I proceeded to apply it with such happy effect that in three days Mme. Liti was about the house again, very nearly as well as ever, and in a fevor to give me substantial proofs of her gratitude.

It was then that I broached to the Prince my desire to witness the performance of Tepada's troop, in the temple of Juthia, on the morning of the 16th. It was simply impossible, he said. The law would not allow it. It was sacrilege. The "initiated" would tear me limb from limb sooner than permit such an intrusion upon their sacred rights. Failing with Phatajac, I resorted to Liti. She hesitated.—I reminded her of her finger. She espoused my cause with the persistance and intelligence for which the Siamese women are noted. I do not know exactly how it came about. I know that there was a terrible amount of diplomacy. I was given to understand that a certain royal personage had finally been induced to interfere, and that the redoubtable Tepada himself, at first decidedly hostile, had been brought to consent. At any rate I was told that I was to be permitted to witness the performances, under certain restrictions which it is not necessary to mention here.

On the morning of the 13th, in company with Woun-Tafac, the Prince's eldest son, who was to witness the celebrated rites for the first time, I set out up the river in a covered barge. We had a guard of five swordsmen, and the boat moved merrily ahead, propelled by the strong, habile arms of twenty-five oarsmen. The Meinan is a very beautiful river, and the scenes along its banks varied and curious. But the weather was hot and sultry, the awning tempted to slumber, the young Prince did not spare the iced-champagne, which his bheareis knew how to flavor deliciously with certain aromatic stimulant herbs, and—well, I have no notes of the voyage, which passed swiftly enough. At dark, on the evening of the 15th, we debarked and mounted elephants to Juthia, reaching there at midnight. The Prince took me to a cousin of his father's, who dwelt in that city, and, as the ceremonies were to begin early the next day, we took a bath, emptied the last bottle of Roederer, and slept the sleep of the just.

Woun-tajac called me very early the next day, and he and his father's cousin, a jolly fat old gentleman called Soondatch-Tam-Bonbar, set to work to prepare me for witnessing the performances in the great pogoda. A white turban was wound around my head, my skin was stained the color of new bronze, my mustache ruthlessly trimmed down, blacked and waxed till it had the proper Malayan dejected droop and tenuity, my eyebrows blacked and native garments furnished me, over which I wore the long white robes which I was told were peculiar to the "initiated." At 7 o'clock we started for the pagoda—Soondatch and I having had our breakfasts, but Woun, being a neophyte, was compelled to go fasting.

The pagoda of Juthia is more celebrated for its sacredness than its size or the splendor of its architecture. It is nevertheless a building of some very striking features. It is situated without the city, upon a broad and commanding terrace, elevated considerably above the level of the river plains. It is approached from the city by a long brick-paved avenue, wide, straight and imposing. This avenue, which is half a mile in length and nearly 100 feet wide, is bordered upon each side by rows of palm groves, in the silent shades of which stand innumerable small votive pagodas, with gilded images and statues of Buddha in all his characters, but especially as the calm, stagnant, peaceful Gautama. At the extremity of the avenue is a flight of broad sandstone steps, then a terrace, decorated with flowers and statuettes with much taste; then another broad flight of steps, finally through a great gateway guarded by monstrous statues, we came to the terrace upon which the temple is planted. The feet of millions of worshippers and pilgrims had worn their way into the steps and flags of the terraces, and both steps and terraces, as well as all the environs of the temple, were crowded with an immense multitude of persons, who incessantly moved about to and fro, yet never spoke above a whisper. These made way for us as we passed with a respect mingled of reverance and curiosity. Bands of male and female boazés passed to and fro in the crowd, swinging censers and scattering flowers. Some of these were shockingly mutilated, having cut off their fingers, their ears, their noses, and even their eye-lids, in the excess of their devotion to Buddha's service.

The pagoda itself is an immense circular building with a square top, like a gasometer, and rimmed around with a gallery supported by gigantic columns, painted with a vivid red, and dashed over with a dusting of gold, giving them a peculiarly brilliant effect. Underneath this portico the building was entered by eight tall doorways, each grotesquely sculptured with griffins, crocodiles, and serpents. Behind the building, like a pile of plates narrowing to a candle extinguisher at the apex, rose the characteristic bell-core of these temples. It was multitudinous with bells, banners, gay lanterns, bright streamers. It was elaborately, even grotesquely ornamented, gilded, colored and decorated with curiously shaped squares of porcelain, so that it was almost too dazzling in the sunshine to gaze at for any length of time. At its base a small forest of pagodas clustered, crowding up to the very base of the columns supporting the temple gallery.

Soondatch and Woun-Tajac, each holding me by an arm, now directed me towards one of the doorways of the temple. It was guarded by two men with drawn swords and very fierce aspect, who stood in front of a heavy drapery of red cloth that completely concealed the interior of the temple from outside eyes. At a triple password these men admitted my companions, but crossed their swords before my breast. Soondatch whispered in the ear of the elder of the two—he started, gazed at me intently, but did not withdraw his barrier. Woun showed him a signet. He took it and reverently placed it upon his forehead, yet still he refused to admit me. There was a controversy between the doorkeeper and my companions, and at last the elder guardian whistled shrilly upon a bone pipe tied about his neck with a strand of silk, a tall man suddenly appeared. I could not see from whence. He was middle-aged, athletic, and had a most peculiar cunning, self-possessed look of person and intelligence.

"Tepada," exclaimed both my companions at once, but the man, who was naked except for a breech-clout, took no notice of them. He put his hand heavily but not unkindly upon my breast, gave me a piercing, long look, and said in excellent French, "Are you a brave man?" "Try me!" I said. Instantly, without another word, he bandaged my eyes with a part of a long white robe I wore; he snapped his fingers suddenly, whispering in my ears, "Not a word, for your life!" and the next moment I found myself seized in the hands of several strong men, and borne some distance along a devious way, ascending and descending several times. At last I was put down, the bandage was quietly removed, and I found myself squatted on a stone floor, between Soondatch and Woun-Tajac, who, with bowed heads and faces partly shrouded in their white robes, squatted like statutes of Buddha, their knees and shins flat to the ground, their haunches resting upon their heels, their hands spread palms downward upon their knees, their eyes deflected, and a look of devout reverence and abstract meditation in their countenances. The light was dim to my unaccustomed eyes, but all around, as far as I could see, were white-robed worshippers crouched in the same attitude of silent reverence.

By degrees, as my eyes grew used to the dim gloom, I began to look about me. The place was a square vault, so lofty that I could not see the ceiling, and I should say not less than a hundred paces long and wide. All around the sides rose gigantic columns carved into images of Buddha always, yet a thousand variations from the central plan, a thousand freaks of fancy, a thousand grotesqueries, through which shone, the more effectively for the departures, the eternal calm, the stagnant imperturbed ecstacy of apathy of Buddha's remarkable face, with the great pendant ears, and the eyes looking out beyond you into the supreme wistlessness of Neiban—a face that once seen can never be forgotten. By degrees I came to see the plan of its evidently subterranean vault, and to look with wonder upon the simple grandeur of its massive architecture, which was severely plain, except so far as the carving of the great column went. At the furthest end of the hall, resting against the columns, was a raised dais or platform, covered with red cloth. This stage was raised between three and four feet above the floor of the vault, and was about thirty-five or forty feet deep and one hundred and fifty broad. Behind it a curtain of red cloth hung down from the capitals of the towering columns. In front of the stage, just above the spot where the pulpit of the orchestra in a Greek theatre would be, was a tripod-shaped altar, with a broad censer upon it, in which was burning a scented oil, mixed with gums and aromatic woods, that diffused through the whole vault a pungent, sacramental odor.

Suddenly there was a wild and startling crash of barbaric music from under the stage—gongs, drums, cymbals, and horns—and with a wonderful alertness and a really indescribable effect a band of naked men came out from behind the curtains bearing each a scented torch in his hand, climbed the columns with the agility of monkeys, and lighted each a hundred lamps strung from the base almost of the columns sheer up to the apex of the vault, which I could now see, rose in a lofty dome, that doubtless pierced far up into the interior of the pagoda proper, the appearance of which outside I have described. The illumination of the multitudinous lamps was very bright and brilliant, too soft to be dazzling or overpowering, yet so penetrating and pervasive that one missed nothing of the perfect light of the day. I could distinctly trace the ascending and diminishing rings of the cupalo above us, and the rows of brick, only thinly whitewashed, that supported it.

The din of the horrible orchestra increased, and a band of old women came out from under the stage singing (or rather shrieking out) the most diabolical chant that I ever heard. The red curtain fluttered a little, there was a dull thud, and there, right before us, alongside the censer stood a very old man, and wrinkled, with long hair and beard white as cotton fleece. His finger nails were several inches long, and his sunken jaws were horribly diversified with two long teeth, yellow and ogreish. He was naked, except for a breech cloth, and his shrunken muscles shone with oil. He took the censer in his hands and blew his breath into it until the flame rose twenty feet high, red and furious; then with a sudden jerking motion, he tossed the burning oil towards the crowd of squatting spectators. It shot towards them a broad sheet of terrible flame—it descended upon them a shower of roses and japonicas, more than could be gathered in a cart. Turning the censer bottom upward, he spun it for a minute upon the point of his thumb nail, then flung it disdainfully away towards the audience. It struck the pavement with a metallic clang, bounced and rose, with sudden expanse of wings, a shrieking eagle, frightened horribly, and seeking flight to the summit of the dome. The old man gazed a moment upwards, then, seizing the tripod upon which the censer had stood, he sent its legs apart with a nervous hand, straightened them against his knee, and hurled them dartlike towards the eagle. They glanced upwards with a gilded flash, and instantly the eagle came fluttering down to the pavement in our midst, dead, and three horrible cobras coiled about him, and lifting their hooded heads defiantly and flashing anger out of their glittering eyes. The music shrieked still wilder, the snakes coiled and plaited themselves together in a rythmic dance, lifting the dead eagle upon their heads, and presto! right in our midst there stood the tripod again, with its flickering flame, and its incense-savored breath. A more perfect illusion never was seen.

"That is Norodom," whispered Woun-Tajac in my ear. Another actor now came upon the scene whom I recognized to be the tall athlete, Tepada. Behind him came the smaller man, whose name, Woun-Tajac informed me, was Minhman, and a boy, probably twelve years old, called Tsinski. These four began some of the most wonderful athletic exhibitions that can be conceived. It is impossible to believe unless you saw it, what work these men put their muscles to. I am not going to provoke the incredulity of your readers by attempting to describe the majority of them. In one feat Tepada seized Norodom by his long white beard, held him off at arm's

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - March 13, 1874.

THE news from the election in New Hampshire on Tuesday is so vague and the result so close that we can give no definite returns.

WE are pained to announce the sudden death of Hon. Charles Sumner, which occurred at Washington city on Wednesday last. We have no space in our paper this week to make any comments on the sad event.

EX-PRESIDENT MILLARD FILLMORE died at his residence in Buffalo on last Sunday, in the 74th year of his age. He was a native of Cayuga county, N. Y., and removed to Buffalo in 1821. He served in the Legislature of his State, and in 1832 was elected to Congress. In 1848 he was nominated for the Vice Presidency on the ticket with General Taylor for President. When the latter died, in July, 1850, Mr. Fillmore was installed as President, and retired from that office on the 4th of March, 1853. Mr. Fillmore was a gentleman of acknowledged ability and sustained an unblemished reputation throughout his long, active and useful life. His death leaves Andrew Johnson as the only surviving ex-President of the Republic.

TO THE average mind it would not seem to be a very difficult matter for the Legislature to settle the question of compensation to the newspapers in the State for publishing, for four successive weeks, the new constitution, and yet the House of Representatives has thus far been unequal to the task. The subject has been discussed in that body even *ad nauseam*, without any definite conclusion having been arrived at. As we are personally interested in its final adjustment, we will not express the views we entertain in reference to its disposition so as to do substantial justice to the press. Towards the close of last week the whole subject was referred by the House to a committee, with Mr. Webb, of Bradford county, as chairman. That the report of the committee may be satisfactory to all the parties interested, we sincerely hope. We trust, at least, that after the principal labors of the committee have ended, it will not be found that it has brought forth "a ridiculous mouse."

THE Senate of this State last week, by a vote of 24 yeas to 7 nays, passed the bill of Senator M'Clure appropriating out of the State treasury one million of dollars towards the erection of the necessary buildings for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, to commence on the 4th day of July, 1873. It will be vigorously opposed in the House, but we are inclined to think that the chances are decidedly in favor of its passage through that body. A bill is pending in the United States Senate which makes an appropriation of $3,000,000 for the same purpose. On last Friday a motion was made to refer the bill to the Committee on Appropriations, with instructions to make an affirmative report. This motion was, however, defeated by a vote of 27 yeas to 33 nays, and the bill was then referred without instructions. The idea prevails in the Senate that the Exposition ought to be *national* in its character, and not *international*, as proposed, in which the governments of Europe will be invited to participate. The condition which Congress may attach to the appropriation, if indeed it makes an appropriation, will determine which of the two characters the Exposition shall eventually assume.

THE Committee on Vice and Immorality, of the House, has had referred to it a number of bills on the subject of a general license law for the State. The committee have reported favorably on a bill which is understood to have been drafted by a committee of the Brewers' and Distillers' Conference held at Reading early in the winter. A synopsis of this bill is as follows:

The bill authorizes licenses to be granted by the commissioners of the different cities, towns, and counties to persons of good moral character. Application must be "both by those now selling, and by those who design to sell in future, before June 1, 1874, and annually thereafter."

The application must give a description of the premises to be occupied, must pay three dollars for the same, and shall thereupon receive a "certificate of location." This certificate must be presented to the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, together with a bond of $1,000, "with two sureties," for the faithful observance of the law, the bond, after approval by the city or county commissioners, to be filed. The District Attorney shall enter up the bond in case of any violation of the law. The clerk of the Court may charge three dollars, of which one dollar is for the District Attorney, and shall issue a certificate of "filing the bond, which shall be presented to the city or county treasurer, who may charge two dollars and the amount of license hereafter fixed," and who shall issue a certificate of license. Licenses may be issued at pro rata for parts of a year to new houses. License fees shall be charged according to the sales, viz:—When the year's sales shall be over ten thousand dollars the license shall be two hundred dollars; when more than five thousand and less than ten thousand dollars, the license shall be one hundred dollars; when less than five thousand dollars, the license shall be fifty dollars. Violation of this law shall be a misdemeanor, and the act shall not apply to druggists, apothecaries, or grocers.

The appraisers of mercantile taxes shall make a return annually of all distillers, brewers, compounders, and wholesale dealers, and all such persons shall pay annually, as follows: Those whose sales shall exceed $100,000 shall pay $100, those between $50,000 and $100,000 shall pay $75, and those under $50,000 shall pay $50. The distillers, brewers, compounders, and wholesale dealers shall not sell in quantities under five gallons, unless bottled and delivered in quantities not less than one dozen. This act shall not apply to importers.

The Apportionment Bill.

It is fully as just as it is natural that the Democratic press throughout the State should be more than ordinarily indignant at the partisan and unjust character of the legislative apportionment bill which was reported to the Senate early last week. As it is the first attempt to district the State under the provisions of the new constitution, it was at least expected that something like even-handed justice would have been manifested towards the Democracy of the State. But the Radical majority in the Legislature scout the idea that Democrats have any rights which it is bound to respect. At the election for Governor in 1872, Hartranft had a majority of 35,627. This bill is so framed as to secure to the Radicals a majority of about *sixteen* in the Senate and about *forty* in the House. In order to consummate this outrage, the committee which framed the bill have mutilated and cut up beyond all former precedent many of the cities and counties in the State. The city of Philadelphia, for instance, is entitled to *eight* Senators, and yet this bill only gives the Democratic party *one* Senator on a vote of over fifty thousand, which is nearly one-half the entire vote polled. She is also entitled to *thirty-eight* members of the House, and this infamous gerrymander will only allow the Democracy of that city to elect *five*, or, at the most, *six* out of the *thirty-eight* members. The same rank and flagrant injustice is done to the Democratic counties of Schuylkill and Luzerne. The bill in all its details exhibits a shameless exercise of power, and is utterly indefensible on any principle of justice, honor or fair dealing. It is only a repetition, however, of the uniform practice which the Radical majority in the Legislature has heretofore adopted when an apportionment bill was pending.

This bill is not one of the entertainments to which the people supposed they would be invited when they cast their votes in favor of the adoption of the new constitution. The intentions of the members of the constitutional convention were fair and honest, but they have been nullified by a reckless majority in the Legislature. In another part of our paper will be found an able article on this unjust measure, copied from the Harrisburg *Patriot*, which we recommend to the careful perusal of our readers.

The "Deck Hands" at Harrisburg.

No more glaring robbery was ever perpetrated on the State Treasury than is annually committed by the Radicals in the Legislature in electing a horde of subordinate officers in both the Senate and House, who are more for ornament than use, and two-thirds of whom have literally nothing to do except to hang around the capitol and regularly draw their pay. Almost every Radical member, when he starts for Harrisburg, takes with him his *protege*, whom he feels bound to elevate into one of these sinecures at the expense of the tax-payers of the State. In the article below, taken from the Harrisburg *Patriot*, this arrant swindle is fully exposed. It richly deserves the open and undisguised reprobation of every honest man in the Commonwealth. Who will dare defend the appointment of 100 of these useless officers by a Legislature which contains only 133 members? It is done at an expense to the State of $75,000, and is a shameless fraud in every aspect in which it can be viewed:

The liberality of the present legislature is in full display, not toward the best friends of most of its members, the newspapers, which so innocently advertised the constitution by order of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, but towards itself. As Mr. Bigham cannot, without an appendix, get this story into a statistical form for service in the elections of this year, it is here proposed to show how liberally the present general assembly has provided for itself and its successors, to wit:

The Senate this year is composed of 33 members; next year it will number 50. The force to run the Senatorial machine consists of the following:

Clerks	7
Sergeants-at-Arms	3
Doorkeepers and messengers	5
Postmaster and assistant	2
Folders	7
Watchmen and janitors	5
Pages	15
Librarian (who does the heavy work)	1
	45

The House at present consists of 100 members; next year it will be composed of 201. To make things easy this body is provided with—

Clerks	8
Sergeant-at-Arms	5
Doorkeepers	4
Messengers	5
Postmasters	3
Librarian (about 200 books)	1
Pasters, etc	9
Watchmen and janitors	5
Pages	15
	54

The officers thus provided for number 99, but with a rather singular aversion to odd numbers it is provided that the clerks shall appoint an officer to be known as "engineer," thus gracefully rounding off the job with the *even hundred* officers! These gentlemen are to cost the State year by year, without extras, about $75,000.

Talk about liberality to newspapers after that!

To provide revenue to meet such expenditures as this we are to have a tax on coal and perhaps other articles of general necessity. Let the consumers wince! The legislature must have its deck hands.

THE Johnstown *Tribune* displays a sad lack of knowledge or a discreditable amount of enmity when it charges Hon. B. Milton Speer with having voted for the "back pay steal last session," when it knows or ought to know that Mr. Speer vigorously opposed the measure and voted square against it. It was after the "back pay steal" became a law that the representative from this district dimmed the lustre of his bright record by accepting his share of the spoils, and not in supporting the infquity while on its passage through the House.

Legislative Apportionment Bill.

The bill apportioning senators and representatives under the new constitution was reported by the senate committee on Tuesday. As provided by the constitution the senate will consist of fifty members and the house of two hundred and one members.

Of this apportionment and its authors we desire to speak with as much calmness as the enormity of the outrage will permit. That the new constitution was not framed with sufficient care to prevent gerrymandering frauds on the right of representation was long ago foreseen. That the present legislature would go to the utmost length in the perpetuation of this iniquity there was abundant room for apprehension in the character of the majority. The authors of this apportionment have fulfilled a double purpose. They have made such a monster of iniquity as to set at utter defiance the popular will, and they have gratified their hostility to the new constitution by showing with what ease they could pervert to the worst partisan ends the solemn provisions of that instrument for the protection of the rights of representation. In this apportionment they have more than made good the frequent boasts which they uttered on this subject when the constitution was adopted.

To sum up the work of this gerrymander, it is framed so as to give the republicans a majority of about sixteen in the Senate and of about forty in the House, on the basis of the election returns of 1872, with a republican majority of about thirty thousand in an average vote of 630,000. To accomplish such a result the committee have made the most violent combinations and mutilations of cities and counties. The opportunity for this gerrymander arises from the provision in the constitution allowing districts to be formed in cities and counties having over one hundred thousand inhabitants, in which four representatives may be chosen. This provision was framed evidently with a view to the adoption of the cumulative or "free" vote. But when that plan fell through, the article on apportionment of representatives seems to have been permitted to drift along without any guardian, and in this imperfect shape it has come down a prey of the unscrupulous radical demagogues in the legislature.

In the apportionment of senators from Philadelphia the bill is framed in such a way as to give the democrats one senator, with a vote of more than fifty thousand. With yet more shameless violence to the rights of representation, about *five* representatives in the house from Philadelphia are conceded to the democrats in a delegation of thirty-eight members. The democratic counties of Luzerne and Schuylkill are tortured into such districts as to give the republicans a senator in each. Luzerne county is cut up into eight representative districts with nine members. But in Lancaster county, where no such partisan end is to be accomplished, only three representative districts are to be formed. Democratic Berks has not a weak spot which radical fraud and violence could penetrate to wrest a member, and the committee leave the county intact in its representation. Schuylkill, on the other hand, is divided into four districts for six members. The insidious spirit which pervades this whole measure is confessed in the contrast between republican Allegheny with *five* districts and *fourteen* members of the house, and democratic Luzerne with *eight* districts and *nine* members of the house.

This gerrymander is a demonstration of the power of the legislative jugglers over the good intentions of the constitutional convention. One of the avowed objects in calling a convention to reform the constitution was to devise some means of removing this periodical legislative scandal in apportioning representatives and to give the people better security for their rights of representation. Let the present apportionment bill, which is now going through the legislature under the party lash, show what success has attended the efforts to attain these objects in the new constitution. While the new constitution was under discussion the Harrisburg *Telegraph* and other partisan sheets, in ignorant or wilful perversion of its provisions on representation, paraded apportionment lists showing the unfair advantages which were conceded to the democrats. By this sort of misrepresentation they succeeded in securing many partisan votes against the adoption of the constitution, when in fact the article on representation was the weakest in the whole instrument in defense of popular rights. This shameless gerrymander shows how idle were the fears of radical partisans that the constitution adopted in December secured to all the people of Pennsylvania just rights of representation.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

THE Harrisburg *Patriot* of last Tuesday contained the following reference to the action of the legislative committee appointed to investigate the scandalous charges against Prof. A. L. Guss, of the Cassville Seminary for the education of soldiers' orphan children:

The hearing of testimony by the joint committee on education investigating the charges against Prof. A. L. Guss was closed on Saturday afternoon, when the committee returned to Harrisburg. The argument in the case will be heard on Thursday, March 19, in the Senate chamber. Three hours have been allotted to each side. About three hundred witnesses have been examined, and the testimony will cover several hundred pages of foolscap.

—The Western Hotel and two adjoining buildings, in Pittsburg, were burned on Sunday last. W. T. Bradley, of Bridgeport, Conn., perished in the flames.

Blackmailing at Harrisburg.

The following is the report of the committee appointed by the House of Representatives to investigate the authorship of certain circulars addressed to banks and bankers relative to House bill No. 18, entitled "An act to repeal the usury laws of this Commonwealth and to fix the rate of interest":

To the Honorable the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania:

The undersigned committee appointed by your honorable body to investigate the authorship of a certain circular, signed R. H. Gibbons, making assessments upon the banks and bankers of the Commonwealth, avowedly to aid in the passage of House bill No. 18, entitled "An act to repeal the usury laws of this Commonwealth and to fix the rate of interest," have discharged the duties imposed upon them, and respectfully beg leave to report: That they have examined a large number of witnesses and have exhausted all available resources of information in order to arrive at all the facts bearing upon the subject. From the evidence taken, and which is herewith submitted as a part of this report, the committee have drawn the following conclusions:

At some time prior to January 20, A. D. 1874, Mr. William H. Dimmick, late a member of the House of Representatives from the county of Wayne, or some one in his behalf, caused to be printed a circular under the date of January, 1874, and signed "R. H. Gibbons," secretary (see exhibit D), requesting the several banks throughout the State "to circulate petitions favoring an increase of the legal rate of interest to seven per centum per annum," and in like manner procured blank petitions, with printed heading (see exhibit H), to be enclosed with the circulars to the banks. On or about the 26th of January, Mr. William H. Dimmick and Lewis B. Richtmyer, Postmaster of the Senate, in room No. 91, State Capital Hotel, at Harrisburg, enclosed and addressed to the banks and bankers of the State copies of the foregoing documents.

The address of the bankers was taken from the bankers' almanac of 1873, borrowed of J. W. Weir, cashier of the Harrisburg National Bank, by Mr. J. M. Kreiter, for the use of Mr. William H. Dimmick. Mr. Dimmick furnished the printed documents, envelopes and stamps, and Mr. Richtmyer conveyed them to the postoffice and mailed them. To these circulars sundry replies were received at the Harrisburg postoffice and sent to the Senate postoffice by order of Mr. Richtmyer. At the request of Mr. Dimmick, from the Senate postoffice they were delivered to Mr. Dimmick by Mr. Richtmyer. Subsequently, during the early part of February, Mr. J. M. Kreiter, of the city of Harrisburg, by the request of Mr. Wm. H. Dimmick, obtained the signatures of the Harrisburg banks to a written document relative to this matter.

The authenticity of the paper is admitted by some of the bankers and denied by others, the evidence, however, preponderating in favor of the claim that the document was materially altered before it was printed. This paper, together with a circular under date of February 13, signed R. H. Gibbons, secretary, making assessments upon the various banks, and a proposed copy of House bill No. 18, was enclosed and addressed to banks and bankers by Mr. J. M. Kreiter in his office on Market street, Mr. Dimmick being present at least a portion of the time. After they were ready for mailing, Mr. Richtmyer took them from Kreiter's office to the postoffice, and mailed them at the request of Mr. Dimmick. A portion of the replies received to these circulars were sent by request to the Bolton House and delivered to Mr. Dimmick, and a portion were returned to the writers as uncalled for by the party to whom addressed. To precisely what extent the banks responded by checks or drafts as requested your committee are unable to ascertain. Probably some of the letters delivered to Mr. Dimmick, or returned to the writers contained such enclosures, but of this your committee have no information. The only instances of such remittances that came to the knowledge of the committee were those in which they were sent to the care of Harrisburg banks. The Union National Bank, of Philadelphia, wrote John A. Bigler, vice president of the City Bank, Harrisburg, to pay one hundred and twenty-five dollars to Saunders when the bill passed. The Manufacturers' National bank of Philadelphia sent to James W. Weir, cashier Harrisburg National Bank, a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. Drexel & Co., of Philadelphia, sent a check for R. H. Gibbons, of seventy-five dollars, to Dougherty Bros. & Co. The Western National Bank, of Philadelphia, authorized the First National Bank, of Harrisburg, to pay one hundred and twenty-five dollars for any necessary expenses attending the passage of the bill, and the Second National Bank, of Titusville, sent to the same bank a draft for one hundred dollars, to be paid if the matter was all right.

With the foregoing exceptions your committee have no information that banks or bankers responded to the assessments by remittances, and are led to believe by the testimony and other information that but very few of the banks made a response to the circulars. Your committee are under many obligations to the bankers of Harrisburg for the valuable assistance tendered in the discharge of the duty imposed upon us, and desire to state in this connection that the committee have no reason to believe that the bankers of Harrisburg had any knowledge of the intended use of money or other corrupt means to pass House bill No. 19.

In the discharge of their duty your committee found it necessary to visit Philadelphia, Reading and Honesdale to obtain testimony. In the latter place your committee ascertained that parties, named R. H. Gibbons and E. L. Saunders, were known there. Mr R. H. Gibbons was called as a witness, and stated that he knew nothing of this matter under investigation, and had not authorized the use of his name by any person in that connection. The E. L. Saunders known at Honesdale is a lady that is said to reside in New York, but had visited Honesdale frequently since 1869, a portion of the time stopping at the house of Wm. H. Dimmick.—So far as your committee have been able to ascertain, the originator of this scheme, Wm. H. Dimmick, admitted no one to share in a full knowledge of the transaction, but gave to others such information only as served to accomplish his purpose, and, so far as the committee know or believe, no other member of the Legislature had any knowledge of it. It is evident from the testimony that Dimmick had no intention of using the money received from the banks to aid in the passage of House bill No. 18, but solely for his own private benefit.

On Monday, the 23d of February, your committee were prepared to report a portion of the testimony, and a resolution expelling Wm. H. Dimmick from membership, but having been anticipated in this by his resignation concluded to postpone any report until the investigation was completed. Your committee submit these facts to the House for such further action as it may deem proper, and ask to be discharged from the further consideration of this matter.

R. D. MCCREARY,
A. B. YOUNG,
JOHN H. ORVIS,
Committee.

The Insane Poor.

VISIT OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC CHARITIES TO A POOR HOUSE—SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF INSANE PAUPERS—SHOCKING REVELATIONS AND SICKENING SIGHTS.

[From Phila. Bulletin, 7th.]

The Board of Public Charities is composed of seven commissioners, who serve the State without compensation of any kind, and who are devoting much time and personal labor to the arduous duties of reforming the abuses that abound in many parts of the State, in the care and treatment of the poor, neglected, defective and destitute classes.

Among the duties of the Board is that of visiting and inspecting the jails and almshouses of the State. This duty is performed by the General Agent of the Board, who, during 1873, visited every jail and almshouse, and reported the condition of each to the Legislature. This work is not confined, however, to the General Agent, but is supplemented by visits from the Commissioners themselves. Some of the instances of horrible neglect and ill-treatment discovered by these visitations have been published in the Annual Report of the Board; but many others have not reached the public ear. The public needs information upon this point. Terrible abuses have slowly grown up in this and other States which could never have existed had the light of public and official inspection been allowed to penetrate these receptacles of the poor and unfortunate.—Wherever exposure has been made, reform has quickly followed; and for this reason, and for this only, we propose to publish, from time to time, the plain facts that come to our knowledge, confident that much good must follow the publication.

To day we present our readers the picture of a county poor-house, drawn directly from personal knowledge, and portrayed without any single shade of exaggeration. This poor-house, which shelters in all about 250 to 270 paupers, is situated in a somewhat out of the-way locality, not on any railroad or important highway, and therefore not liable to much incidental visitation. We take our narrative of it from a competent and experienced eye-witness.

"We reached the place soon after noon, and armed with the requisite authority, at once entered upon a tour of inspection. The steward was absent, and the engineer of the establishment, an obliging German, speaking enough English to be intelligible, was detailed as our guide.—We selected the Insane Department as our first point. It was a three-story brick building with a half basement. On entering we were presented to the person having charge of the insane paupers, a tall, elderly German, *not speaking a word of English*, and of course unable to communicate with the more than half of his patients who only speak English. Accompanied by our two attendants, we went through the three upper floors, one of which was devoted to men and the others to women. Beyond a general aspect of total neglect, there was no special feature present, differing materially from what is to be found in the average county poor house. There was some attempt at ventilation, and none of the inmates were under mechanical restraint.

We now descended to the half-basement, which is on the ground level at the front of the building, and under ground at the rear. At one end of the building, a door was unlocked, and

A SUFFOCATING STENCH

which poured out, warned us of what we might expect within. With a moment's hesitation and a gulp of fresh breath, we entered, and found ourselves in a passage-way about four feet wide, lined on one side with

SIX WOODEN CAGES,

solidly boarded up to the low ceiling, with solid doors, in which an opening is cut, about two feet long by eight or ten inches wide. This opening is protected by iron bars. These cages are each partially lighted by a small window looking outward.—They are about seven feet square, and their furniture consists of piles of loose straw, and nothing else. To the honor of the county be it recorded that the straw appeared to be clean.

The atmosphere of these six cages is simply indescribable. No English language can convey any adequate conception of the

FOUL, SICKENING ODOR

which pervades them. How any animal life can be sustained amid such mephitic abominations is a mystery which we cannot solve. Again and again we were driven to the outer air for a gasp of purer breath, and the horrible effluvium clung to our clothes for hours after we had left the dreadful spot miles behind us.

In these cells, bedded down upon this straw, breathing this horrible atmosphere, are

SIX HUMAN BEINGS

who, for two long years, have lingered in this wretched prison; six grown men, silently rotting, in brain and body, upon these heaps of straw in these half-subterranean dens. Let us look at them, in succession.

In Cage No. 1 there is a man named George J——. He rose from his straw as we entered, and stood on his wet floor, bare-footed and clad in a pair of trowsers and a ragged knit shirt. His right hand was torn off by an agricultural machine.—He was quiet and civil, and from him and our two attendants we gathered that he had been brought to the poor house eighteen or twenty months ago, being deranged. It was not alleged that he was violent or unmanageable, but, having no particular place to put him in, he had been put into this den, and has been there ever since.

In Cage No. 2 a miserable looking creature, James K——, sat crouched upon a heap of straw against one corner of the wall. His one garment was a coarse blue frock, reaching to his knees. He neither spoke nor moved when we addressed him, until we repeated our invitation to come and speak with us. He then made a violent effort to rise, but, alas! the knee-joints had stiffened with long crouching in his enforced attitude, and refused to relax, and he fell over feebly on his side, utterly unable to stand. He had gone into his den, two years ago, erect and sound, and, to-day, he sits huddled in his loathsome cell, in silent despair, a wretched cripple for life.

In Cage No. 3 nothing was visible but another heap of straw. But as we looked in, the heap moved, and out from under it crawled

A MAN STARK NAKED,

who rose and came to the bars of his cage, mumbling a petition for some tobacco.—One of our attendants supplied this want, and he silently turned back and began burrowing once more under his straw. This man, David K——, has been eight or nine years in the insane department of this poor house, and has been

TWO YEARS WITHOUT CLOTHES

in this fearful cell.

In Cage No. 4 is James C——. He is a fine looking, tall, well shaped young Irishman, apparently about 30 or 35 years old. He was quiet, peaceable and pleasant spoken, without the slightest indication of any violent tendencies, and he, like his unfortunate neighbor, was

ABSOLUTELY NUDE.

We asked why these men were kept in this naked condition, and we were told that they tore or soiled their clothes. We asked how long it was since they had tried to keep them clothed, and the careless answer was: "About two years."

In Cage No. 5 is a man whose name, as nearly as we could make it out, was Mandis H——, for eighteen years an inmate of this poor-house, and, like his miserable comrades, for two years past doomed to this brutal incarceration. He was clad in a blue frock, half covering his body, and lay in a heap upon the litter of his cell, apparently asleep or in a stupor, from which we could not arouse him, and we passed on to

CELL NUMBER SIX.

This cell is the most remote form the entrance, and its atmosphere was a double concentration of all the fetid stenches that pervaded the other cells. Before we fairly reached the opening in the door we were driven back by the intolerable foulness of the rank odor, and sought relief in the outer air. God help those who are doomed to live in such a place without even an occasional breath of His pure air! In a few minutes we returned to our post, and, peering into the dark cage, we could distinguish the figure, but not features, of a man, John A——, sitting on the floor. He answered our address at first with an angry impatience; but when we told him we were friends who had come to see him we heard a rustling in the straw as if he was making an effort to rise. But he did not come; and our attendant, who could speak English, explained to us that he was paralyzed and could not walk.

Leaving these sickening sights, we crossed the road to the poorhouse hospital, and went through its rooms, which were filled with the old, the infirm, the sick, the maimed, the blind, appealing with mute eloquence to all human sympathy, but not presenting any features particularly differing from those common to the average county poorhouse hospital. But we had not yet seen the worst. Our attendant, who showed no disposition to conceal anything, and who evidently did not think there was anything out of the way in what we had seen, led us down into the basement of the hospital, and there, in a cage like those we had already seen, except that it was perhaps one foot larger, and, being exposed to the outer air and some ventilation, was not pervaded by the deadly odor of the other cells we beheld

A SHOCKING SIGHT.

Lying on a heap of loose straw, was a young woman, *twenty years of age*. She is dumb, uttering only an unmeaning clucking sound. She was born with but one hand and with her right foot so fearfully distorted as to be useless. Mentally, she has been idiotic from her birth. But how are we to discribe her condition? For *eighteen years* has this poor girl dragged out her wretched life in this poor-house, and the last *six years* have been passed in this sty, upon this litter of straw,

NAKED AS WHEN BORN,

unless a wisp of coarse bed-ticking, originally shaped like a sleeveless shirt, but not reaching from her arm-pit to her hip, can be called a garment! Shocking to all decency, outraging to all humanity, she lay there upon her side, her back toward us, unconscious, thank God! of her exposure, a spectacle of civilized heathenism in its lowest degradation. She lay with her apparently sound leg drawn up against itself, and we asked if she could walk about her cage. "No," said our guide, "she lay so long that way she don't walk. She can get round a little on her knees," and stepping in among the straw, he grasped her ankle and drew the limb down to show how far it would go. An expression of pain flushed across the poor creature's face, and we quickly bade him desist. Observing that she was extremely robust and almost swollen in appearance, we asked if it was the result of disease, the bare thigh which was turned toward us being so enormously large as to suggest some dropsical affection. But with the exact air of a farmer exhibiting some fattened animal, our guide assured us that it was "solid fat," and pressed his fist into the human flesh, as a butcher might do into the flank of a prize ox!

Eighteen out of twenty years of a woman's life in such a home! Six years of naked imprisonment on the straw litter of an almshouse cell! Never to have known woman's shame! Never to have known a mother's care! Grown to womanhood under the sore afflictions and defects which came with her into the world, and to have them intensified into such a horror as this! As we turned away, stunned and sick at heart over such a spectacle of human woe and inhuman indifference, we felt that this poor girl missed the one blessing of her life when her mother failed to strangle her at her birth.

We have told the story of this poorhouse without a desire or an attempt at any exaggeration. The stern appeal of such facts need

NO EXAGGERATION,

and it is not easy to see how they could be made worse than the unvarnished truth. They are not the result of cruelty, at least not of active cruelty. They are the growth of ignorance, indifference, familiarity with the sufferings of the poor. We publish them because light and knowledge will sweep away these dreadful abuses in this place, as they are doing in other places. These six men and this poor girl are not hidden away in any "wildcat" country, in any back-woods settlement, in any poor, remote district. They are in the poorhouse of

NORTHAMPTON COUNTY.

They are within thirty minutes' walk of that town of Nazareth, which George Whitefield planted as a refuge for the ignorant and destitute. They are within ten miles of Bethlehem, that early asylum for those who were threatened with the more merciful perils of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife. They are ten miles from Easton, crowned with the generous munificence of her worthy son, in the very heart of a county famous for its colleges, its schools, its churches, and the simple piety of its religious communities. And we ask Easton and Bethlehem and Nazareth to go and see if these things are not true. There is no doubt that they will do their whole duty afterward.

THE REMEDY.

The Board of Public Charities ask the Legislature to give it power to appoint visitors for the jails and almshouses of the State, and also power to cause the removal of such cases as we have described to one of the State's hospitals. These six men, rotting away their lives in these loathsome dens, can be either cured or so restored as to be made comfortable and comparatively happy. The poor girl can be clothed and made decent. Possibly orthopœdic skill may give her the use of her limbs, and she may be provided with a peaceful home in the institution at Media. This is the of work that the Board of Public Charities is doing; and there is much of it yet to be done, and the State must see to it that this agency is fully armed for its duties and encouraged in every effort to wipe off the deep stain that such things as we have told to-day have branded upon the civilization of Pennsylvania.

—Mr. Abram Evans, an esteemed citizen of Miller township, Perry county, was killed on the railroad a short distance east of Newport, on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Evans was walking on the track at the time of the sad occurrence, and seemed to pay no attention to the alarm sounded by the engineer of the locomotive hauling the mail train west, by which he was struck and instantly killed. His terrible fate is deeply lamented by all his acquaintances.

—Rev. Charles Kingsley wants an American to bury in Westminster Abbey. The Boston *Post* advises him to take Butler.

News and Political Items.

—"Pharaoh's Pitchlicking Phroze," the name of a temperance society in Pennsylvania.

—Donaldson, the balloonist, was recently divorced from his wife. He could have got into the easterly current in summer, and so got his divorce by sailing.

—There is a minister near Rome, Indiana, who has been married three times. His first two wives being sisters and his third wife step-mother to his first two wives.

—Henry Connors, of New York, made a wager on Saturday that he could drink a pint of whisky and a gallon of beer in an hour. He won the wagers, and died next morning.

—A "joker" at Gettysburg, in this county, pulled a chair from a young lady as she was about to sit down on it, and she is now suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs from the fall.

—Butler is again bottled up. By a vote of 185 to 45 Congress on Tuesday refused to restore the franking privilege to "Spoons" Butler to carry on the war against newspapers on something like equal terms.

—The democrats and liberals have carried twenty-one of the thirty-four cities that have already held elections this spring in New York. Last year they carried thirteen, and the year before three counties.

—Indianapolis likes fun in the matter of married couples by announcing in one of its bridal organs that the wife's portion of a newly married pair is a "handsome ornament d with fourteen feet of handsomely framed."

—The bridge over the Kentucky river, on the Southern Railroad will be completed on the continent. It is 275 feet above low water, and has a span of 375 feet. The towers, erected by John A. Roebling years ago, cost $100,000 and rise 400 feet above low water.

—A discharged mechanic from the factory of Hall & Paine, at Wallingford, Conn., on Saturday last shot two men employed in the factory, one of whom probably die. He then shot himself in the head and subsequently tried to cut his throat. It is thought that he will die.

—Mrs. Blanche Murphy, daughter of Earl of Gainsborough, who married Murphy, her music teacher, and left him in this country, now resides in Virginia, finds time and occasion to improve the manners of her rural neighbors, and advocates the duty of "every one minding his or her own business."

—Such is the fearful extent of cholera in India that Lord Northbrook, the English [illegible] official, telegraphed that the wife of Anthony Haygarth died two weeks ago, during his absence. On returning, he had the body exhumed and found it turned over in the coffin. Other evidences showing that she had been buried in a trance. The husband has since been a raving maniac.

—A brutal murder was committed in Brooklyn on Sunday afternoon. The victim, Lawsdee, a blacksmith, residing at No. 9 Fifth street, while intoxicated, quarreled with his wife. During the altercation he drew a long sheath knife and plunged it over the left eye and into the left breast, killing her almost instantly.

—A female of Washington, Ind., is going to Nevada that she may be one of the seventy women, mostly girls from sixteen to twenty-five, who have been organized to people that State. Her mission to the Pacific coast will commence their labors at Virginia City, and stop at every saloon on the line of the railroad from there to San Francisco.

—A Cleveland paper says: "A number of young men, accompanied by ladies, have recently been stopped on Euclid avenue, and that city, by a colored woman, who charged them for "a dollar and fifty cents which they owe me for washing." The practice is generally so confused as to be beyond reply, and the lady looks on in amazement, while the shameless and guilty parties enjoy the discomfiture reported by their dear friends.

—During the past twenty-two years one hundred and ninety millions of people have left the port of New York, mostly for Europe, went to England, which has also received during the same period about one and a half million from Australia. Statistics show that most of this loss found its way to Asia, Africa and the East Indies, but few returned. In the meantime we have been filling up with irredeemable paper.

—The Lyndon (Vt.) Union says: "Only a few years ago, while employed at Spaulding's Hotel, Miss Amy Jones, daughter of Hon. W. A. Jones, of Wheelock, was a bright and charitable lass of fourteen years. Now a lovely lady who stopped at the hotel a short time since Miss Jones, who resides in Lawrence, Mass., was surprised by a visit from the West, saying that a wealthy gentleman had died, and in his will left her $3,000, which Miss Jones has already received.

—At Crete, Nebraska, on the 5th inst., Gregory Yaeger, a boy ten years old, shot and killed a son of Mr. Graben, aged three years old. Graben, who was a watchman, on returning home the evening left his revolver on the table, which the boy picked it up, and pointing it at his playmate, said: "This is the way they do when they come," and pulling the trigger, the ball entering the child's head killing him instantly.

KENTUCKY LIBRARY CONCERT.—*To the Public.*—The managers of the Kentucky Library Concert which comes off in Mechanics' Hall, on the 31st of March, are perfectly satisfied with the character of the Gifts which is to take place on that occasion. The distribution of Gifts is one of such importance that all the interests of the different tickets holders will be faithfully cared for by the managers. We do not yet they would be glad for the public to know, each one for himself, that everything could ask, to make the distribution absolutely fair and satisfactory. Arrangements for the drawing of the Gifts and the management are complete, and all ticket holders are invited to attend. The Concert will be held in Mechanics' Hall Building, on the 26th of March, when a committee to distribute the Gifts and examine the tickets will be appointed by the managers. Every ticket is fairly represented in the Gift Concert. The time is short, and what is to be done must be done promptly. Let there be concert of action in this matter.

Yours, THOS. H. HAYS,
Agent and Manager.

For tickets and information address THOS. H. HAYS & CO., Philadelphia.

IT is a rare thing that physicians will give any countenance to a proprietary medicine, the exception of which is a remarkable one. The only exception we know of is Dr. Jayne's *Anodyne Liniment*. This medicine they endorse, and many of them use it in their practice with great success.

PERSONS requiring purgatives or cathartics should be careful what they buy. Many pills not only cause griping pains, but debilitate the bowels in a terrible degree. Dr. Jayne's *Purgative Pills* will relieve constipation and cleanse the blood without injuring the system.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - MARCH 13, 1874.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—St. Patrick's day next Tuesday.

—Argument Court will be held here on the 2d of April.

—A great deal of blow and slight falls since have been all the go for a week or so.

—*Walking Delle* is what they call it in the local option city of Altoona under the present regime.

—A lump of coal weighing 3,199 pounds was the products of Dunbar mines, Fayette county.

—A man named Crowther was recently fined in two and of course instantly left a circular saw at Osceola.

—A friend of ours lost a pair of spectacles Saturday evening. Will the finder please leave them at this office?

—Gen. C. L. Pershing, President Judge of the Schuylkill district, was among the visitors at Court here this week.

—Henry Evans, employed on a shifting train at Hollidaysburg, had one of his legs badly smashed between two car bumpers Saturday last.

—David Watson, a miner employed in Biddlesburg, Bedford county, ore mines, was almost instantly killed by a fall of rock on Monday evening of last week.

—A lad was found lying prostrate on the road and almost frozen to death near the West furnace, Johnstown, about o'clock on Wednesday morning last.

—We are glad to note that our young friend Michael Murphy has returned from Indian Territory and intends to take permanent residence in Johnstown.

—The "Mutual Admiration Society," which our young friends with the apostrophes are members altogether lovely, hold semi-occasional conclaves in our midst.

—The dog-sheep registry law, which we used to publish this week, was killed in committee on Saturday, and hence we deem it unnecessary to present the act to readers.

—The Curwensville *Times* says that Mr. Whitehead married Miss Amelia Reed, out in Goulich township, about a year ago, and that the little Whitehead is a black head.

—Rev. Lawrence, of Disciples' church, Johnstown, is said to be meeting with much success in a religious point of view. He is highly spoken of as an earnest and faithful worker in his pastorate.

—Huntingdon has a mantel clock which has ticked for thirty-seven years without a moment's hesitation. We know of people who would like to emulate the clock for all time to come.

—We have received two more communications on the interminable school question, but one of them at least is more than half lengthy, we have been forced to defer them until next week.

—The school board of Chest township is composed of two justices of the peace, two constables, one county commissioner, and one constable. Can any other township beat such another delegation?

—Lewis Knode, of Porter township, Clinton county, fell from his horse and died immediately, on Wednesday of last week. He was subject to heart disease, which doubtless caused his death.

—A drunken man was run over by the cars at Hamblin, on Tuesday evening, and instantly killed. While walking on a siding he was struck by a switch train and passed over both his legs. He was mangled beyond recognition.

—Musical societies here may not have existed of late, but it is nevertheless true that another very good Singer has been among us for several days past. The name of his name is Robert H., and he is our own claims him for a citizen.

—The practice of jumping on cars while in motion has just added another to its list of victories. A ten-year-old boy became the victim this time, and besides the ears and the doctors he has to pay the leg less than nature furnished him.

—George Austin Groves, who recently killed his wife at East Conemaugh and lived with a woman of bad repute, was arrested in Lancaster county, where at last accounts in jail there. He will be sent to Lancaster to reclaim him, we guess.

—We invite attention to the advertisements of Messrs. McClelland & Co., Johnstown; and Wilkinson & Kelly, Loretto, which appear for the first time in this issue. We have something handsome to say about these firms, and we shall do it in our next.

—The "Local News," a handsome little sheet of less than half the size of the *Freeman*, has just made its appearance in Johnstown, with Hugh Lindsey, Esq., a lawyer and an able local, writer as editor and publisher. We wish the little sheet a long and prosperous journey.

—Mr. J. Mills, who has probably improved and sold more real estate than any other man in town, has disposed of his fine new residence on Locust street to Mrs. Edward Davis for the handsome sum of $4,000. It is said to be Mr. M.'s intention to sell his store building and realize, which promises to be a "Mecca for money makers."

—Owing to the considerable deficiency in the number of employes and a largely increased amount of reading matter gave us more work than it was possible for us to do, and the result was that a large amount reading a portion of which will account for the typographical and other errors which have found their way into our columns.

—We learn from the fact that there is nothing in the letter of "Trayler" but his own spell—and that offense can only be given if it was published—is the opinion that a writer in favor of the new constitution would permit them for to do so," "learning for to sew," has appeared before he appears in print.

—A man named John McGinley, employed at the Cambria Iron Works, was run down a short distance from the scene of his labors Saturday morning last, complaining of feeling unwell and had gone home for the purpose of taking a rest, from which he never returned. He is supposed to have died in the heart in existence. He was an estimable man, aged about 21 years.

—Mr. Watson and positively the last lecture will be delivered in the Methodist church in this place, on Monday evening next, by Rev. Wm. A. Fleming, of Conemaugh, who is about to take up his residence at Grand Rapids, Mich., where he is reported to be a very eloquent and able lecturer. Subject, "The Early Champions of the Seventeenth." Admission, 25 cents.

—Business is very dull now about closing was one of the principal reasons, take it all in all, that we have not been treated out. It reminds us in a way that we can imagine of the display of superb dry goods, groceries, etc., which can always be found in the stock of Myers & Lloyd's cheap store, as good a way as any to describe the people. No one can get just as good goods can be purchased from M. & L. as from any merchant in the county.

—It would not only be a great convenience to our citizens to have the "long whistle" blown a half hour before train time, morning and evening, but it would be an advantage to the Company itself. We know six gentlemen who had to hire a private conveyance to Cresson the other morning, who would have made the train without trouble if the whistle had been sounded, as should be done.

—A man named John Donahue was arrested at Parnassus, Westmoreland county, on Saturday last, charged with the murder of Geo. Kissinger, who resided in Stewart township, Fayette county. The crime was perpetrated on the 21st of February, and the accused and his victim were married to sisters. They quarreled about family affairs. Donahue is now in the Pittsburg jail for safe keeping.

—Spring is coming on apace, and as a matter of fact a great many housekeepers will want to improve the internal appearance of their homes about that time. To such we would say, go and see the elegant stock of wall papers, comprising nearly one hundred different styles and embracing all grades from the richest to the plainest, now on exhibition at Geo. Huntley's big hardware and house-furnishing emporium, and shown in such a way as to make it the easiest thing in the world to select just what you want. Go and see the show.

—A young friend of ours, whose name, if struck by lightning, would probably look something like this, "Thomnopsbob," has recently been practising at target shooting, and thinks, after he has found out whether the weapon somebody sent him not long since is a horse pistol or a Colt revolver, that he will be able to "miss the goose and hit the gander," and don't seem to care a continental either whether the gander that's to be shot is of the *Michi* species or not, but rather inclines to the hope that it will prove one of that kind.

—Philip McGough, a resident of Franklin orough, who is employed as a brakeman on a freight train, attempted on Wednesday afternoon to recover a lamp which had been blown from his hands on that morning near Kittaning Poin', and while in the act of doing so was thrown from his feet by the force of the wind when about to commence the descent of a steep declivity, down which he slid, first feet foremost and then head foremost, to a distance of forty or fifty feet, sustaining very severe injuries about the face, hands and wrists.

—Mr. Wm. Berg and family, and several other Bergs, brothers, sisters, etc., departed hence a few evenings ago for Kansas, whither they were preceded by their father, and where it is their intention to locate permanently in the farming business. The removal of such citizens is indeed a loss to any community, and while we congratulate "bleeding Kansas," as was, on the acquisition to its population of such worthy people, and wish all the Bergs contentment and prosperity, we will try to console ourself with the thought that we still have two Bergs left—Hartman Berg and Ebensburg.

—Among other pardons recently issued by Governor Hartranft we note that of Louis Holtzner, of this county, sentenced in 1869 to ten years in prison for murder in the second degree for killing Philip Phalon. Reason—has a wife and four children in destitute condition; the homicide was committed during a drunken fight in which a considerable number anticipated; the testimony was given by persons who had been in liquor; the judge who imposed the sentence, the district attorney who prosecuted the case, and the jury who convicted the man, united in a recommendation for his pardon.

—It is fair to presume that there will be no more Law in Blair county—at least no John H. Law—to encourage shooting matches in the future, it having come to pass that the individual upon whose marksmanship he was willing to stake his stamps without stint, by name D. M. McCartney, has been taken in and done for in a shooting match, at Altoona on Monday last, by Wm. P. Conrad, of Huntingdon. The distance was one hundred yards, twenty shots off hand, and the purse $100 a side. Conrad made a string of 62 inches and McCartney scored 88 inches. A subsequent match for $50 a side, ten shots at the same distance resulted in 12¾ inches for Conrad against 30 inches for McCartney.

—The farm of James McQuaid, Esq., in Sinking Valley, near Tyrone, was the birthplace of an extraordinary freak of nature. The head and neck are just like that of a common lamb, back to the shoulders, where there are two arms about six inches long, and both properly jointed into the shoulders. The body is then regular, but a little larger than common size, containing but one back bone. This part of the body extends down about four inches from the arms. Here there are three divisions attached to the main body, each about five inches long, and distinctly forming the hind parts of three lambs. They are perfect—three back bones, three tails and three sets of hind legs. The animal, as first seen, was standing on his six hind legs, with its arms hanging by its side. It only lived about six hours.

COMMON PLEAS.—The following causes have been disposed of in Court up to the time of going to press on Thursday evening:

Josiah Christy vs. Allegheny Mountain Coal and Lumber Company—Summons case on promises. Defendants, by leave of Court, file an amended plea. Plaintiff alleges surprise, and cause continued until next term, at costs of defendants.

Thomas Jones and other heirs and legal representatives of Jenkin Jones vs. Lewis Denner and August Lambert—Ejectment. Jury find verdict for defendants.

Edward Glass vs. Borough of Ebensburg—Trespass. Verdict for plaintiff for $220.

W. P. Bissell & Co. vs. Philip Pritch—Appeal. Jury find for the plaintiff $51 00.

Philip Collins vs. P. F. Howley—Assumpsit. Verdict for plaintiff for $237 50.

Township of Clearfield vs. Francis Delozier, late Supervisory and Jacob Nagle, his surety—Trespass on promises. Defendants' counsel confess judgment for $230 00.

In the matter of the inquisition to inquire into the lunacy of Mrs. Margaret Convery, 10th March, 1874, jury called, who say that Margaret Convery is a lunatic and has been so for seventeen months past. Inquisition approved by the Court.

In the matter of the petition to open the election box and count the votes for Justice of the Peace in Loretto borough. Court orders that the election box be opened by the officers of the late spring election—that they count the votes for Justice of the Peace and make return to the Prothonotary of Cambria county.

P. M. George and Joseph Criste, executors of Otho Styner, dec'd, vs. Thomas Koop—Replevin. Jury find $36 75 for plaintiffs.

James Conrad vs. William Tiley—Covenant. Verdict for defendant.

Theodore Atkinson and others vs. Academy of St. Francis—Ejectment. On trial.

CERTIFICATES on Lloyd & Co. taken at their face for American watches. A large assortment of all styles in gold and silver cases just received and for sale low. *Gold* jewelry, books, notions and toys in large variety. No Pinchbeck kept or sold. *Best* cigars in town. Call at once:

C. T. ROBERTS.

—Harry Wayne, late of the firm of Benton & Wayne, has not quit the hardware business, but is now in partnership with Mr. John Dibert, at 224 Main street, Johnstown, Pa., where will be found at all times the largest and best stock of hardware, wagon wood work, &c., offered for sale in Cambria county.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, March 10, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—I rise to remark that your correspondent "Stop," in your last, was not *I*, though *I* am blamed with it. I think that the doctors and the C. I. Co. know their own business best, though "Stop" may be posted. I only desire to state that "Stop" is not "Rob Roy."

TEMPERANCE.

Intemperance has always been a subject of agitation since ever the world was built. Even Noah and David were not exempt from serious charges of taking too much, and the Savior himself was slandered and called "a winebibber." The Greeks and Latins were addicted to the cup, and one Alexander fell a victim to the cup of Hercules. Ovid, met. xv, mentions a cure, resorted to in his day, by drinking the waters of the spring *Clitor*:

"*Clitorio* quicumque sitim de fonte levarit,
Vino fugit, gaudetque meris, ut stemines undis."

Those who drank these waters lost forever their taste for wine. And sumptuary laws were in vogue in Egypt before the discovery of this continent. There was once a *crusade* there against the use of *coffee*, that far exceeded the present one against whisky, and the authorities had to suppress it by force of arms. My suggestions in the last *Freeman* were *apropos*, and this is the policy that the ladies have decided to pursue, viz: the pledge system.

CONVULSIONS.

People cannot live without excitement. Even this little earth of ours is subject to convulsions, and was once torn apart, and the Atlantic Ocean filled up the rent. Plato relates a conversation between Solon and an Egyptian priest, in which the priest tells a wonderful story of a whole continent sinking opposite the Pillars of Hercules, or the Straits of Gibralter, and the shape of the outlines of America and Africa, together with the fact that inhabitants are found everywhere, seems to indicate that the two continents were once but one. The Bible says distinctly, both in Genesis and First Chronicles, that a man was called *Peleg*, because in his day *"the earth was divided."* If we may believe Virgil, the Island of Cicily was torn from Italy about the same time: "Haec loca vi quandam et vasta convulsa ruina," etc.—Third Eneid.

And it is further said that the following lines of Seneca made a powerful impression on the mind of Columbus, and induced him to seek for the lost territory:

"Venient annis saecula seris,
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens patent tellus,
Tethysque novos detegat orbes;—
Nec sit terris ultima Thule."

Seeing, then, that we have Noah's flood, earthquakes, and convulsions, before, let us wait patiently and see what Dio Lewis and the women will do.

In order to prepare the whisky ring for what is coming, I would quote an inimitable description of an earthquake from Virgil, Eneid III, 571 segg., but it would not be understood, while I might be *miss*-understood, and considered *sarcastic*. All I have to say is, stand from *under*. The worst blast is *over*. As soon as tax-payers find out how much the revenue will be diminished by *putting the liquor down*, they will all stand *under*. If you cannot read my Latin just call it *sundries* and go on. ROB ROY.

SUMMIT, March 9, 1874.

EDITOR FREEMAN—You may not be aware that this is one of the quietest and most orderly towns in the country—a fact attributable to the superior moral and religious habits of its citizens. In consequence thereof, the Summit furnishes no first class sensations for the city dailies and but few items of news for the FREEMAN; but we can furnish two correspondents which other towns of greater pretensions cannot do, although they have a larger amount of news items—I mean the towns not the correspondents.

Mr. Sylvester Schmeder met with a severe accident on Monday. He was employed in the Mountain Brewery, and while working at the mash tub accidentally fell in and had his hands and arms severely scalded. He is now, however, getting along swimmingly.

Mr. Peter O'Hara, one of the most promising young men of this county, died on Thursday last, at the residence of his father in Munster township, of consumption—from which disease he has suffered for several years. He was loved and respected by every one, and his death will be generally regretted.

A number of families will change locations about April 1st. new improvements will be made, houses remodeled, and I trust business will also change for the better.

I see by the last FREEMAN that "Anti-Local" is still on the war path, and that *she* is uncontented and still digs away at me. She says I write by proxy, which is not the case, as I write my own communications. I venture the statement, however, that she has her articles written by *some other man*. When I stated that some women would make as good school directors as some men who now occupy the position, I did not refer to the directors of this borough, for they are competent officers, but I alluded to those in other localities who do not attend to their business. I do not propose to take much notice of "Anti-Local" in the future, at least not until she calms down a little. Her case is critical, and it may be some time ere she gets over her excitement, and if she ever does she may then see the folly of her ways.

If anything of importance turns up I will inform you. LOCAL.

LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK.

MANHATTAN, Kan. April 8, 1873.

R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.—*Dear Sir:* Your Favorite Prescription has done my wife a world of good. She has taken nearly two bottles and has felt better the past two weeks than at any time in the past two years. No more periodical pains; none of that aching back or dragging sensation in her stomach she has been accustomed to for several years. I have so much confidence in it that I would be perfectly willing to warrant to certain customers of ours who would be glad to get hold of relief at any expense. I have tried many Patent Medicines but never had any occasion to extol one before. Very truly yours,

GEO. B. WHITTING.

MRS. E. R. DALY, Metropolis, Ill., writes, May 29, 1873: "Dr. R. V. Pierce—My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit."

MARY ANN FRISBIE, Lehman, Penn'a., writes, May 29, 1872: "Dr. R. V. Pierce—What I have taken of your medicine has been of more benefit to me than all others and hundreds of doctors' bills."

COUGHS AND COLDS.—Every hour a Cough or Cold is neglected is so much injury to the Lungs. HASSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR never fails in curing the worst cases of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Asthma and Chronic Catarrh. It is an infallible remedy for Whooping Cough.

RUSSELL & LANDIS, Prop'rs, Philad'a.

Sold by all Drug Stores and Dealers thro'out the United States.

P. S. See that the signature of RUSSELL & LANDIS, Prop's, is on each wrapper.

FREE OF CHARGE.—Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most efficient qualities for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs and Colds are speedily relieved by it and in Croup it acts like magic. Call at R. J. Lloyd's Drug Store and obtain a sample bottle *free of charge*, or a regular size for $1; or at P. M. Woleslagle & Son's Store, Wilmore. J. R. MORRIS, 113 North 2d St., Phila. [3-13.-1y.]

PROBABLY no one disease is the cause of so much bodily misery and mental unhappiness, (and the disease is almost universal among the American people) as dyspepsia. Its causes are many and various, lying chiefly in the *habits* of our people; the remedy is simple and effectual. Use Dr. Wishart's Great American Dyspepsia Pills. They never fail to cure.

ORDER all your hardware from Dibert, Wayne & Co., Johnstown.

Communications.

NEAR FALLEN TIMBER, March 9, 1874.

EDITOR CAMBRIA FREEMAN—Please give the following an insertion in your paper as early as convenient.

In regard to the Auditors' settlement, the writer believes there is an error amounting to $582.77 of a loss to the county. He bases his calculations *thus:*

The Report charges the Treas'er with		$110,620.27
From which deduct as follows:		
Am't of abatement for prompt payment	$6,506.14	
Am't of exonerations to Constables	2,468.13	
Am't of exoneration on Duplicate	153.73	
Am't in hands of Constables	1,843.50	8,052.49
Then the amount received by Treasurer must be		$111,857.15
Of which amount he received from sources other than the Duplicate for 1873		38,502.60
Leaving amount received on Duplicate for 1873		$73,354.55

By examining the Auditors's Report, it will be seen that the Treasurer paid out up to settlement $150,879.45

Then let it be assumed that he paid out, in relative proportions, from the taxes of 1873 and the other sources from which he received, and it will stand as follows:

Paid of taxes for year 1873, $68,164 82 at 5 per cent	$3,408.24
Paid of money from other sources, $34,714.68 at 3 per cent	1,041.89
Treasurer's per centage on the 5 per ct. added to what was placed in hands of Constables	17.43
Then Treasurer's total per centage is	$4,367.56

Then whole am't paid out by Treasurer	$160,879.65
Amount of exonerations, abatements and hands of Constables	8,052.12
Treasurer's commissions, as above	4,367.56
Balance in Treasurer's hands	6,640.14
	$179,939.27

The Auditors make the balance in Treasurer's hands $8,687.37—difference, $582.77.

The Act of Assembly says: "The Treasurer of Cambria county shall be entitled to five per centum on all taxes collected and paid out by him under this Act."

There is an item, Bank stocks, $253.80, to the credit of the Treasurer which neither the writer nor any one to whom he has spoken on the subject seems to understand. Perhaps the Auditors can explain this "Bank stock" item to the satisfaction of the taxpayers. If it is misplaced, then it and five per cent. of it—$262.69—should be added to the $582.77, making the error $849.38.

The $253.07 commission paid constables seems to be another error, though it would not be if the Treasurer had been charged with the 5 per cent. added to taxes placed in the hands of constables for collection. But it does not appear in the Auditors' settlement that the Treasurer was so charged.

It seems to me that it is a duty incumbent upon the Commissioners to have this matter examined closely, and if it is discovered that the county has suffered loss by a settlement not in accordance with the letter of the law, let them appeal. If the Auditors made any mistakes, the writer attributes them to errors of the head and not of the heart, for they seem lately to have become very scrupulous and conscientious, and do everything according to Act of Assembly. Anything to the contrary, if the writer has been correctly informed, they were very anxious, after the settlement, to claim sixty dollars more than was due them according to the Act of Assembly.

TAXPAYER.

P. S. If it should be assumed that the $68,502.60 was all paid out before the settlement—that being the money received from other sources than the Duplicate for 1873—then, in that event, 5½ per centage in the aggregate would be $3,767.65 less than shown above, and would increase the error that much more than is indicated by the figures preceded above. T.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

WASHINGTON TWP., March 9, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—Local news of any importance is as scarce as perfect Christmas. True, we have had several changes in the weather during the last few days, the weather clerk as I write becoming to the full of humor, and yesterday and to-day may as a consequence be numbered among the most inclement of the season. The little warblers, i. e. robins and blue birds, who came with the premature warm days of last week, are now hushed into silence; and—that's news, of course.

The family of Solomon Berkey, of this township, have been lying very ill with a severe attack of measles for the past week, but are in a fair way of present writing. Mr. Owen Maloney, of Pittsburg, who has been for some time past sojourning with his relative, Mr. John McMahon, has also been seriously indisposed of late, his disease being something akin to consumption.

I see by your last issue that you have another correspondent in this vicinity, and that said correspondent seems to think I should give our debating society more than a casual notice hereafter. My reason for not giving its proceedings more in detail heretofore was the fear of trespassing too much on your valuable space. However, as I know "Subscriber" to be only a temporary resident, and as you seem to find room for all communications, I will try to be more elaborate in the future. On Thursday evening last the subject of debate was, "Which does the most injury to the country, a liar or a thief?" Quite an assembly was present to hear the discussion, which was participated in by the following gentlemen: Thos. McGough, (leader,) John Tick, Peter McGough, Jr., Lewis Litzer and P. McGough, Esq., maintaining the first proposition, and Thos. Brawley, (leader,) W. J. Conway, Sr., Geo. Gallagher, Sr., Jos. Litzinger, J. Bonifer and Thos. Monahan supporting the latter. Thomas McGough opened with a very creditable and pertinent argument, which displayed in a forcible manner how an individual could be disgraced and ostracised by his good name by the party a willful and poisonous tongue of a liar—how the retailer of falsehood and slander could good his innocent victim as even unto death, and depicted truthfully the vast injury done to the morals of society by false teachers in the principle doctrines of various subjects. Thos. Brawley followed on behalf of the other side of the question, and admitted that the liar could do incalculable harm, but in a really meritorious argument maintained that as the person possessed of an unimpeachable character, it seldom happened that such a person was injured in public estimation by the slanderous attacks of a liar. He further argued and well so to prove, briefly but logically, that a thief was more dangerous to the community—that he could come in the silent hours of the night, when sleep prevented any opposition, and rob his victim of that when patient toil had honestly accumulated, and, if detected in the act, would seldom hesitate to sacrifice human life rather than submit to detection in the lesser crime. The other speaks followed in regular order, the leaders closing the discussion. The judges, Messrs. Jos. Rel, Wm. Donahoe and Michl. Brawley, decided in favor of those who had maintained that a liar was worse than a thief. I almost forgot to mention that some of the speakers on the thief side argued against their own logic with such zeal and success that they made it seem a crime to steal a kiss from a girl even under the most favorable circumstances. It is fair to presume however that if some of them had the ghost of a chance for such a consummation, they would not consider it much of an offence. The committee selected to decide on a question for the next meeting are partially following, "Should the right of suffrage be conferred on women?"

Yours, &c., LIBERAL.

[ORIGINAL.]

"A DAY DREAM."

The snow is falling thick and fast
On everything outside;
The wind that passes by the door
Is like a sweeping tide.

'Tis very pleasant here to sit,
Warm'd by the fire's bright gleam,
To watching the rugged storm outside,
Or here to sit and dream—

To dream of things that are no more—
Of brothers, sisters dear—
Imagining you are home again,
With all your kindred near;

To dream of these and wish yourself
Again to be a child;
Their life, so full of joy, it seems
So innocent and mild;

And wish always to be a child,
In the old, old home to live,
And for this happy, happy life,
Our mature sorrows give.

Let other visions cross your eye—
Look in the crowded street—
Amidst the storm and winter's wind
What does your vision meet?

You see amidst the snow and ice
A ragged, dirty child;
Its little voice can scarce be heard
Above the storm so wild.

Now, listen!—hear what it does say
To him to whom it speaks;
Ah! little one, thy fate is sad—
'Tis "bread and clothes" it seeks!

It says its parents both are dead,
And that it has no home;
But through the streets, in wet and cold,
For food it has to roam.

And now, while in our daily life
Such lessons we can see,
Let us not wish, while dreaming here,
A child again to be!

For discontentedness may well
Be call'd by man a curse;
Whatever's been our life thus far,
"It might have been" far worse.

CRESSON, PA., March 2, 1874.

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES

On the Death of Eddie, Infant Son of Bernard and Mary Kelly.

Sleep softly in thine early grave,
O, tender morning blossom!
No sweeter rest earth ever gave
Than this within her bosom;
No surer refuge promised here
Than this low mound can give thee—
No brighter crowns than living hands,
When Spring time comes, shall weave thee.

But, spirit innocent and free,
Thy rest above is dearer;
Thy promised haven surer far—
Thy crown of blossoms fairer.
We would not ask another lot—
A life on earth for thee;
Again, where death shall enter not,
We hope thy face to see. J.

OBITUARY.

O'HARRA.—Died, at the residence of his father, in Munster township, on Wednesday, March 4th, 1874, of bronchial consumption, Mr. Thomas Peren O'Harra, aged 33 years, 7 months and 14 days.

Mr. O'Harra was an exemplary young man in every sense of the word. His habits were strictly temperate, and never was he known to indulge in a single draught from the bowl of inebriation; nor to any of his many acquaintances remember of ever having heard him make use of an oath or any other vile epithet—a practice which he always correctly maintained was an abomination in the sight of God and man. From his boyhood to his death he was especially remarkable for his honesty and integrity, no inducement, however tempting, being powerful enough to impel him to deviate for a single moment from the path of rectitude. For several years past he had been engaged in the construction of railroads in this and other States of the Union, all which will serve as monuments to client eulogy to his name long after his mortal remains have crumbled into dust. Gifted as he was with an amiable disposition, which endeared him to all who enjoyed his acquaintance, and endowed with a good education and a fair knowledge of the world, he was enabled to endure with patience and resignation the trials and disappointments of this imperfect life, to which he added a lively faith and a firm hope in the mercy and goodness of God, through whose beneficence he had reason to believe that he would be numbered among the happy few in the realms of eternal bliss. Such in brief was the life and character of Peter O'Harra, who leaves a host of relatives and friends to mourn his early demise, among whom are his aged parents who are almost distracted at the loss of such a dutiful son. May God in His infinite mercy give peace to the minds of his parents, and rest to the soul of T. P. O'Harra. His remains were followed by a large concourse of sympathizing friends to the cemetery of St. Michael's, Loretto, where they were interred on the 7th inst.

Oh, Death! thou dread destroyer,
Thou hast winged thy fatal dart;
In the morning of his manhood
It hath pierced his gentle heart.
Like a flower plucked in Spring time,
Thou hast nipped him in his bloom,
And has left his parents weeping
O'er his dark and silent tomb.

But, dear uncle, we'll not forget thee,
Though we've laid thee in thy grave;
Sweet forgiveness for thy spirit
Of the Saviour we'll crave.
We will chant the "Miserere"—
We will sing thy requiem—
Will invoke the saints and angels,
That thy place may be with them.

G. F. I.

MCMORRIS.—Died, at Gallitzin, March 1st, Mrs. Bridget McMorris (maiden name Holley), a native of Parish Castleconnor, County Sligo, Ireland, in the 77th year of her age.

W. D. M'CLELLAND.....JOHN HANNAN.

M'CLELLAND & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Fancy and Plain

FURNITURE!

AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

IN STYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS.

Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for

OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!

IN PIECES OR SUITS,

At PRICES Below

Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.

Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,

NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [3-13,'74.-tf.]

Orphans' Court Sale

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, there will be exposed to public sale, at the hotel of Lawrence Schroth, in the Borough of Carrolltown, on

SATURDAY, the 1st day of April next,

at 2 o'clock, P. M. the following described real estate, to wit:

A CERTAIN PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in the Township of Susquehanna, County of Cambria, adjoining lands of Henry Weakland, Joseph Holtz, John Shearer, and others, containing

One Hundred Acres,

more or less, about 60 Acres cleared, well fenced, abundantly watered, and in a high state of cultivation, with a thriving Orchard of choice fruit thereon. The improvements consist of a two-story PLANK HOUSE, LOG BARN, and other necessary buildings.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, one-third in one year thereafter, with interest, and the remaining third to remain as a lien on the premises during the lifetime of Jacob Lacher, the interest thereon to be paid to him annually during his lifetime, and at his death the principal to be paid to the heirs and legal representatives of Magdalen Lacher; payments to be secured by mortgage and judgment bonds of the purchaser.

JOHN B. DOUGLASS,
Guardian of the minor children of Magdalen Lacher, deceased. [3-13.-3t.]

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

J. C. TROUT, for use of MICHAEL COOPER vs. JACOB NAGLE and ALBERT NAGLE, in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County.

And now, 11th February, 1874, to wit: Anthony Shoemaker & Sechler, W. H. Race Rose, Esq., appointed Auditor to report distribution of the fund in Court. This appointment with consent of both parties.

24 March, 1874, the above appointment sent and the Auditor to report at the Argument Court. Extract from the Record.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.

For the purpose of attending to the duties of the above appointment, I will sit at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on WEDNESDAY, April 29, 1874, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where those in anywise are invited to attend.

[3-13.-3t.] W. HORACE ROSE, Auditor.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS

PRICES REDUCED!

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS; also, Designs for Soocch Granite Monuments. We desire to invite the attention of the public to our beautiful Designs for Monuments, and Tombstones, made of Italian and American Marbles, and which will be furnished at as low rates as similar work can be obtained in Philadelphia or elsewhere. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed, and work shipped to any point at our risk. All orders from a distance will be promptly attended to. Remember that our designs and our work will compare favorably with any in the State. WILKINSON & KELLY.

Loretto, March 13, 1874.-tf.

BRIDGE LETTING.

—Sealed Proposals will be received at the Commissioners' Office, in Ebensburg, until 12 o'clock, M., March 23d, 1874, for the erection of a Bridge over Chest Creek, at the mills of M. J. Nagle, in Carrolltownship. The Plan of said Bridge can be seen in Commissioners' Office. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject all bids.

A. ANNA,
W. D. M'CLELLAND,
E. GLASS,
Commissioners.
ATTEST—J. A. KENNEDY, Clerk. [3-13.-3t.]

Portage NAIL WORKS,

Duncansville, Blair Co., Pa.

NAILS.

THE above Works, being again operated by the undersigned, offers to the trade a full supply of their justly celebrated NAILS at lowest p. ce.

JOHN RUSSELMAN.

Duncansville, March 13, 1874.-3m.

NEW STORE Building, 113 and 115 Clinton St., JOHNSTOWN.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

Having purchased largely for cash, and many of our goods having been bought since the Panic, we are able to offer

EXTRA BARGAINS!

AND OUR CUSTOMERS SHALL HAVE THE BENEFIT.

We will sell at prices to make the money of our patrons go as far as possible.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN

ALPACAS

AND

Waterproofs.

COME AND SEE THE GOODS AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES!

Goods bought before the Panic are

MARKED Down

TO SUIT THE TIMES.

VELVETEENS

AT HALF THE USUAL PRICE.

Wholesale Department

ON SECOND FLOOR.

GOODS AT NEW YORK AND PHIL'A PRICES

—AT—

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

Look at the Prices.

HEAVY BLACK ALPACAS,

NEWLY OPENED,

At 25, 30, 35, 40, 45 and 50 Cts.

ELEGANT WATERPROOFS!

IN ALL NEW COLORS!

Navy Blue, New Green, New Brown,

GOLD MIXED AND GREEN MIXED

WATERPROOFS

At the Reduced Price.

BLACK WATERPROOFS at 75 Cts

FLANNELS!

RED AND WHITE FLANNEL,
OPERA FLANNEL,
BARRED FLANNEL,
Heavy Gray Twilled Flannel,
Yard Wide Country Flannel,
Rob Roy and Blue Flannels.

FELT SKIRTS from 75c. to $2.

BALMORAL SKIRTS VERY CHEAP.

LADIES', MISSES AND CHILDREN'S

WOOLEN HOSE!

AT LOWEST PRICES. AT

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MILLIONS OF ACRES

RICH FARMING LANDS

In Nebraska,

NOW FOR SALE VERY CHEAP.

TEN YEARS' CREDIT. Interest only 6 per cent.

Descriptive Circulars, with Section 1 Maps, sent free.

THE PIONEER,

A handsome Illustrated Paper, containing *Homestead Laws*, mailed free to all parts of the world. Address, O. F. DAVIS,

Land Commissioner U. P. R. R.,

OMAHA, NEB.

SEEDS AND PLANTS.—W. R. THURBER & Co., Brooklyn, Windham Co., Conn., offer a full assortment, at moderate prices. Twelve assorted plants sent free by mail for $1. 25 plants for $2. Seeds sent for $1. Catalogue sent free on application.

THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO FORTUNE!

$450,000 GIVEN AWAY!

$100,000 for Only $2.50.

A GRAND LEGAL GIFT CONCERT

Under the Auspices of Science, Industry and Art.

DRAWING APRIL 20, 1874.

One Prize guaranteed in every package of 11 Tickets. Single Tickets, $2.50; 5 for $10; 11 for $20. But few Tickets left; send, as every Tickets are rapid, purchasers should order at once. Any money arriving too late will be returned. Good, reliable Agents wanted everywhere. For full particulars, address

SIMON ABELES, Leavenworth, Kan.

Wanted Agents for Dr. Cornell's *Dollar Family Physician*—Religion and Health in itself—a complete medical work—to sell against nothing like it in the country—a rare chance—particulars free.—B. B. Russell, Pub'r, Boston, Mass.

EXTERMINATORS

For RATS, MICE, Roaches, Ants, Bed-Bugs, Moths, &c. J. F. HENRY, CURRAN & CO., N. Y. Sole Agents.

New York DAY-BOOK!

A DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY. Established 1850. It supports White Supremacy, political and social. Terms, $2 per year. To clubs, nine copies for $8. Specimen copies free. Address, DAY-BOOK, New York city.

EAT TO LIVE!

Write to F. E. SMITH & Co., Atlantic Mills, Brooklyn, N. Y., manufacturers of the Crushed Wheat, for their pamphlet (sent free) on cookery, with important extracts from Liebig, Johnson, and other scientists. Read it and save your health and money.

BUY J. & P. COATS' BLACK THREAD for your MACHINE.

The GREAT DISCOVERY of the AGE.

PROF. D. MEIRER'S

Painless OPIUM CURE.

Cures without pain or inconvenience to business. It is a tonic, alterative and nervous sedative. It restores the broken down nervous system; gives energy and strength at once without pain or suffering, to the patient. Send for pamphlet on Opium eating. P. O. Box 675. Drs. D. & L. MEIRER, Laporte, Ind.

MURDER Will out! Truth Triumphant! Agents, old and young, male and female, make more money selling our Revised Edition and Amplification of the Bible, than anything else. Greatest inducements to Agents and Purchasers. Catalogues, Terms and full particulars sent free to all. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of PETER SCHIRA, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of said decedent, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted thereto, that immediate payments of their indebtedness must be made, and those having claims against said estate are requested to present them duly probated for settlement.

BARB

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

length, and spun round with him until the old man's legs were horizontal to the athlete's shoulders. Then, while they spun with the fury of dervishes, Minhman sprung up, seized upon Norodom's feet and spun out a horizontal continuation of the ancient, and when Minhman was firmly established, the boy Tsin-ki caught to his feet in like manner, and the tall athlete, every muscle in him straining, continued to whirl the human jointless lever around. At last, slowing slightly, Tepada drew in his arms till the old man's white beard touched his body; there was a sudden strain and the arms of the men from being horizontal became perpendicular, Minhma's head upon Norodom's feet and Tsin-ki's head on Minhman's feet. A pause for breath, then the column of men was propelled into the air, and presto! Tepada's head was upon the ground, Norodom's feet to his, Minhman's feet upon Norodom's head. Each had turned a somersault, and the column was unbroken.

I could fill several columns with descriptions of the most remarkable and unaccountable feats of magic performed by these wonderful jugglers, but I must refrain. One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and, borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe. When the robe was lifted again, a fox was in place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes and a leopard appeared. It was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage-looking buffalo, that was killed with an axe. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether, a lordly elephant, who, when the sword was pointed against him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capital of one of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and alighted upon the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head until, shrieking, the unwieldly animal reared upon his hind feet, twined its trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great boa constrictor and holding up Minhman upon his feet.

During three hours the exhibition continued, feats of the sort I have described, each more wonderful than the one that preceded it, following one another in rapid succession. I shall content myself with describing the last and culminating wonder of the startling entertainment.

A perfectly formed and most lovely nautch girl sprang out upon the stage, and was hailed with universal exclamations of delight, everybody calling out her name, Laun-Prabana, as if it were a good omen. Her only dress was a short petticoat of variegated feather work. A wreath of rosebuds crowned her soft, short, black hair, and she wore a pearl necklace, as well as broad gold armlets and anklets. With a brilliant smile she danced exquisitely for some minutes to the accompaniment of a single pipe, then knelt and laid her head upon old Norodom's knee. The boy fanned her with a fan made of sweet fern leaves. Minhman fetched a lotus-shaped golden goblet, and Tepada poured into it from a quaint looking flask a fluid of greenish hue. The old yogi-like Norodom took the goblet and blew his breath upon the contents until they broke into a pale blue flame. This Tepada extinguished with his breath, when Norodom held the goblet to Luan Prabana's lips, and she drained the contents with a sigh. As if transfigured, she suddenly sprang to her feet, her face strangely radiant, and began to spin giddily around on one spot. First the boy, then Minhman, then Tepada tried to arrest her, but they no sooner touched her than she repelled them with a shock that thrilled them as if she had imparted an electric spark to them. Spinning constantly, with a bewildering, rapid motion, the girl now sprang off the stage and down the hall, along by the foot of the columns, Tsin-ki, Minhman and Tepada in active pursuit. In and out among the crowd they spun, the three chasing. Tepada seized hold of the chaplet that crowned her; it broke, and as she whirled along a spray of rosebuds was scattered from her brow in every direction. Anything more graceful was never seen. And now a greater wonder. At the extremity of the hall the three surrounded and would have seized her, when, still revolving, she rose slowly into the air and floated gently over our heads towards the stage, scattering roses as she went. At the brink of the stage she paused in midair; then, with a slight, wing-like motion of her arms, mounted up, up, up towards the loftiest arch of the vault overhead. Suddenly Norodom seized a bow and arrow and shot towards her. There was a wild shriek, a rushing sound, and the dancer fell with a crash to the flags of the floor, and laid there an apparently bloody mass. The music burst forth into a wild wail, and the chorus of old hags came tumultuously forth and bore her off in their arms.

Now, from behind the red curtain came a dozen strong men, bearing on their shoulders a great leaden box, which they laid on the front part of the stage. As they retired the old women came out, bringing a low couch, decorated with flowers and gold-embroidered drapery, upon which lay Laun-Prabana, decked in forth in bridal garments, and sweetly sleeping. The couch with its sleeper was put quietly down upon the front of the stage and left there, while Norodom and Tepada went to the leaden box, and with hot irons attempted to unseal it. "That is Stung-Tieng's coffin," whispered Woun to me; "the old saint has been dead more than half the millenium."

Quickly, eagerly it seemed to me, the two men broke open the fastenings of the coffin, until the side next the audience falling out at last, a teak box was discovered. This was pried open with a small crowbar, and what seemed a great bundle of nankeen taken out. Tepada and Norodom commenced to unwind this wrapping, which was very tight. Yard after yard was unwound and folded away by Minhman, and at last, after at least 100 yards of wrapping had been taken off, the dry, shrivelled mummy of a small, old man was visible—eyes closed, flesh dry and hard—dead and dry as a smoked herring. Norodom tapped the corpse with a crowbar, and it gave a dull, wooden sound. Tepada tossed it up and caught it—it was still as a log. Then he placed the mummy upon Norodom's knees, and fetched a flask of oil, a flask of wine, and a censer burning with some pungent incense. Norodom took from his hair a little box of unguent, and prying open the mouth of the mummy with a cold chisel, showed that the dry tongue could rattle like a chip against the dry fauces. He filled the mouth with unguent and closed it, and annointed the eyelids, nostrils, and ears. Then he and Tepada mixed the wine and oil, and carefully rubbed every part of the body with it. Then, laying it down in a reclining position, they put the burning censer upon the chest and withdrew a pace, while the drums and gongs and cymbals crashed and clattered, and the shrill, cackling treble of the chorus of old women rose hideously.

A breathless pause ensued—one, two, three minutes—and the mummy sneezed, sneezed thrice, so violently as to extinguish the flame of the censer. A moment later the thing sat up, and stared blinking and vacant out around the vault—an old, old, wrinkled man, with mumbling chops, a shrivelled breast and belly, and little tufts of white hair upon his chin and forehead. Tepada approached him reverently upon his knees, bringing a salver, with wine and wafer-cake. The old man did not notice him, but ate and drank, and then tottered to his feet, the feeblest, most decrepid old dotard that ever walked. In another moment he saw the nautch girl slumbering upon her couch; he shuffled feebly to her, and, mumbling, stooped, as if to help his dim eyes to see her better. With a glad cry the maid waked, clasped him in her arms and to her breast, and kissed him. Incomprehensible magic! He was no longer a nonagerian dotard, but a full-veined, fiery youth, who gave her kiss for kiss. How the transformation was wrought I have no idea, but there it was before our eyes. The music grew soft and passionate, the chorus of the old women came out, and with strange Phallic songs and dances bore the two away—a bridal pair. I never expect again to behold a sight so wonderful as that whole transformation, which, I may mention, my learned Jesuit friend, to whom I described it, regards as a piece of symbolism. His explanation is too long and too learned to quote, but he connects this ceremony with the world-old myth of Venus and Adonis, and claims that it is all a form of Sun-worship.

The show went on for some time longer with many curious feats. At the end of an hour the Phallic procession returned, but this time the Bayadere led it, a strange triumph in her eyes, while the youth lay upon the couch sleeping. The Phallic chorus sank into a dirge, the youth faded visibly—he was again the shrivelled dotard; he sighed, then breathed no more. Luan-Prebana retired sorrowfully; Norodom and Tepada wrapped the corpse again in its interminable shrouds, restored it to the coffin, sealed it carefully, and it was borne away again. The attendants climbed up to and extinguished the lights. I was blindfolded and borne away again. I found myself once more at the doorway of the temple, in the broad sunshine, with my friends—and the mystic ceremonies of the great temple of Juthra were over, it may be for many years.

The Song of the Decanter.

There was a decanter and its mouth was
gaping wide; the
ruby wine had
ebbed away
and left
its crystal side;
and the wind
went humming,
humming—
up and
down the
sides it flew,
and through the
reed like
hollow neck
the wildest notes it
blew. I placed it in the
window, where the blast was
blowing free, and fancied that
its pale mouth sang the queerest
strains to me: "They tell me—puny
conquerors!—that plague hath slain his
ten, and war his hundred thousands of
the very best of men; but I"—'twas thus
the bottle spoke—"but I have conquered
more than all these famous conquerors, so
feared and famed of yore. Then to me, ye
youths and maidens, come drink from
out my cup the beverage that dulls
the brain and burns the spirits up,
and puts to shame the conquerers
that slay their scores below; for
this has deluged millions
with the lava tide of woe.
Though in the path of
battle darkest waves of
blood may roll, yet
while I have killed
body, I have
damned the
very soul.
The cholera, the
sword, such
ruin never
wrought, as
I, in mirth,
or malice, on
the innocent
have brought. And still I
breathe upon them, and shrink
before my breath; and year by year
thousands tread this dismal road to death!"

A CARD.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets.....$3.50 per pair.
Flannels.....30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres.....50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts.....50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning.....20 cts. per lb.
Carding....." " " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,
July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

G. W. YEAGER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,

Altoona, Pa.

ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.

Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MISS E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking done. The patronage of the public is respectfully solic unel-ly.]

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg.—M. M. O'NEILL & Co., Proprietors. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made. [4-4.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,
BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.
Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

JAMES NULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg. Office in Colonnade Row, Collections promptly attended to. [12-12.'73.-f.]

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
—TO—
CASH BUYERS
—AT THE—
Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES
AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;
COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities:
TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!
of my own manufacture;
HARDWARE, ALL KIND!

such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Wash-ers and Wringers, Patent Churns and Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware
of all kind, in great variety:
WOOD and WILLOW WARE
beyond description;
CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS,

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c.

Family Groceries,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy, Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*

HOUSE SPOUTING

made, painted and put up as cheap as possible, FOR CASH. ☞ A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.
GEORGE HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

Stoves! Stoves!
AT GREATLY
Reduced Prices!

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL SELL
STOVES
FROM THIS DATE AT
REDUCED RATES FOR CASH
AS FOLLOWS:

No. 9	*Ironsides,* - - -	*$40.00*
" *8*	" - - -	*36.00*
" *7*	" - - -	*32.00*
" *9*	*Improved National,* -	*35.00*
" *8*	" "	*30.00*
" *9*	*Speer's Anti-Dust,* -	*44.00*
" *8*	" "	*40.00*
" *7*	" "	*36.00*
" *9*	*Duquesne* "	*35.00*
" *8*	" "	*30.00*

ALSO, A LARGE LOT OF
PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,
WHICH WILL BE DISPOSED OF
AT COST FOR CASH!
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, Nov. 21, 1873.-tf.

G. C. K. ZAHM,
—DEALER IN—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,
Ebensburg, Pa.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE
Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mansion House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves
of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

1873. FALL and WINTER! 1874.

THE LATEST SENSATION!

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
AT THE NEW
EAGLE CLOTHING STORE
OF M. H. NATHANSON & CO.,
(Lately occupied by H. WALTERS, deceased,)
231 and 233 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Ebensburg and Northern Cambria generally, that they have just opened at the above named place a large, complete and elegant stock of FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHING AND CENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Consisting of such articles as BLACK AND BLUE CLOTH SUITS, CASSIMERE SUITS for men and boys, fine ENGLISH KERSEY OVERCOATS, in blue, brown, olive and lighter colors, and a general assortment of COATS, PANTS and VESTS of all textures, styles and prices, besides a full line of HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS, &c.—all which will positively be sold at **15 per cent. less** than prevailing prices in Johnstown. We also make to order from the finest and most stylish goods any article of clothing desired, and that too at short notice and on the most reasonable terms. WE MANUFACTURE ALL OUR OWN GOODS, which enables us to sell cheaper than any other house in Cambria county. Please give us a call when you visit our town, and judge from our stock and prices whether it will not pay you to deal with us. OVERCOATS and CUSTOM-MADE WORK our leading specialities, and "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS" the basis upon which we do business. COME AND SEE!

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE--231 and 233 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN.
Sept. 19, 1873.-6m. M. H. NATHANSON & CO.

THE CREAT CAUSE
—OF—
Human Misery.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 cts.

A lecture on the nature, treatment and radical cure of Seminal Weakness, of Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By DORT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., Author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicines, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent under seal, to any address, in a plain sealed envelope, on the receipt of six cents, of two postage stamps.

Address the Publishers,
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York; Post-Office Box 4586.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!
SAMPLE STREET,
Near Union School House, Ebensburg.

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,
Spring Wagons, Sleighs,

And all other description of Work in that line.

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates.

A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.
June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

Andrew Moses,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

OLENA!

The best Oil in the world for machinery.
It will not chill.
It will not gum.
It is equal to the best Lard Oil.
If you have any kind of Machinery, ask for OLENA; and if you cannot buy it at home, send for a circular and price list to

PAINE, ABLETT & TRIPP,
OIL MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS
No. 360 Penn Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

Parke's Marble Works,
139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.
Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

JAMES F. MILLIKEN,
Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon, Bedford, Centre and Clearfield counties.

Parties wishing to purchase, rent, sell or exchange real estate will find it greatly to their advantage to call on or address me.

☞ Correspondence in either English or German solicited. [Sept. 26, 1873.-tf.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.
Sept. 20.-tf. JAS. B. ZAHM, Cashier.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....WM. H. SECHLER.
SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
9-16.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug.27,'72.]

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

FRANK W. HAY
Manufacturer,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet-Iron WARES,
AND DEALER IN
HEATING PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Wood, Morrell & Co.,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.
PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,
Together with all manner of Western Produce such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms
WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.
WM. P. PATTON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
—ALL KINDS OF—
CABINET FURNITURE
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE
made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.
Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!
131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, AND TELS. &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

A LUCKY MISTAKE.

Among other steerage passengers who drifted over to New York from Havre, a little while ago, was a young French girl named Louise Dumont. Her destination was Newark, Delaware, where she had a distant female relative living, in indigent circumstances, and, as she believed, the only survivng kin she had in the world. By some mistake, owing to her inability to understand the English language, she took a train on the Delaware, Lackawana and Western R. R., and got off at Newark, N. J. When she was informed of her error, she secured a ticket to return again to New York on the next train, but on account of a very remarkable occurrence she was induced to change her mind.

As the girl sat in the depot, downcast in spirits, alone in a strange land and almost penniless, visions of her home in "La Belle France" crossed her mind. She thought of her mother who had recently died, of her only brother who fell with his father as they fought side by side at the terrible battle of Saarbruck, and as she mused upon her past joys and present loneliness, she unconsciously toyed with a large gold locket that was suspended by a strong silver chain from her neck, while tears trickled down her cheeks. She was a brunette of the loveliest type, and her jet black wavy hair was arranged with such exquisite taste that it made the broad, high forehead, expressive brown eyes, and graceful, full throat appear to the best advantage.

While Louise was abstractedly playing with her locket, there came into the depot a tall and handsome gentleman, of about sixty years of age. He had something of a military bearing, and his countenance indicated intelligence and refinement. The girl's appearance immediately attracted his attention, and as he, too, was waiting for a train, he occupied the time in watching her. As he walked leisurely to and fro in the ladies' room, he came near to where the girl was sitting just as she opened the locket and revealed a well known face, that was the exact counterpart of a picture that he had at home in his library. It represented the Empress Josephine, the deceased wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. The gentleman immediately asked the girl, in good French, where she obtained the picture. She replied, with much simplicity:

"My mother gave it to me."

Requesting the favor of examining the locket, he took it in hand, and, with the greatest astonishment, read the following inscription:

"Josephine, to Hortense de Miratel, 1812."

"My mother was a Miratel," said he, scanning the beautiful French girl's features closely, "and," he added, as a light seemed to flash in upon his confused ideas, "she was a sister to Hortense de Miratel, who, for some act of faithfulness to the unhappy Josephine, received this locket and portrait as a reward. My good girl, who are you, anyhow?"

The child then related her story—how her father and brother had been killed in battle, and that her mother had but recently died; that she had committed her to the care of the only relative that she believed to be living, at Newark, Delaware.

The gentleman then being satisfied that the girl was his own niece, disclosed his own name, Victor Provost. He had escaped from prison when a young man, having been incarcerated by the Bourbons about the time of the sojourn of Louis Napoleon in America.

He fled to this country and settled at Wilkesbarre, Pa., where he now lives in affluence, being interested in large coal and iron tracts in that locality. It is hardly necessary to state that the niece needed but little persuasion to accompany her uncle home. The romance of her story is increased by the fact that Mr. Provost has a son, who is a very promising young man, and that he immediately became fascinated with his newly found cousin. The old gentleman is in ecstacy at the turn things have taken, and has resolved that his son shall marry the girl on New Year's day. Of course young Provost has accepted this proposition with much joy, and orders for a magnificent bridal trousseau are now being filled by various parties in New York for the fortunate girl who, but a little more than a week ago, was a penniless steerage passenger in an emigrant ship.

GLUE AS A HEALING REMEDY.—For the last twelve or fourteen years I have been employed in a shop where there are over three hundred men at work, and, as is the case in all shops of this kind, hardly a day passes but one or more of us cut or bruise our limbs. At first there were but few that found their way to my department to have their wounds bound up; but after a while it became generally known that a rag glued on a flesh wound was not only a speedy curative, but a formidable protection against further injury. I was soon obliged to keep a supply of rags on hand, to be ready for any emergency. I will here cite one among many of the cases cured with glue. A man was running a boring machine, with an inch and a quarter auger attached; by some means the sleeves of his shirt caught in the auger, bringing his wrist in contact with the bit, tearing the flesh among the muscles in a frightful manner.

He was conducted to my department, (the pattern shop,) and I washed the wound in warm water, and glued around it a cloth, which, when dry, shrunk into a rounded shape, holding the wound tight and firm. Once or twice a week, for three or four weeks, I dressed the wound afresh, and it was well. The man never lost an hour's time in consequence. The truth of this statement hundreds can testify to. I use, of course, the best quality of glue.—Cor. Scientific American.

MRS. SKINNER ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—Miss President—I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing woman's rights.

As a success, man is a failure, and I bless my stars that my mother was a woman.

I not only maintain these principles, but maintain a shiftless husband on both sides.

They say man was created first. S'posin' he was? Ain't first experiments always failures?

The only decent thing about him was a rib, and that went to making something better.

And then they throw it into our teeth about Eve taking an apple.

I'll bet five dollars that Adam followed her up the tree, and only got the core.

And what did he do when he found out?

True to his masculine instincts, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend and said: "'Twasn't me—twas woman, and woman has had to father everything mean since—and mother it.

What we want is the ballot; and the ballot we're bound to have, if we have to cut down our back hair and swim in the lagoons.

Bring up your little daughters to love and caress the ballot, and when they are old and scrawny they will not depart from it.

Teach them that man occupies a position that woman cannot fill—that is to a pair of pants.

Teach them that without the ballot woman is simply a cooking and breeding machine; that with it she can rule her little roost.

Give 'em little ballots to play with, and what we want is ballot women.

The male creature now sitting on this platform, whom the law allows me to call husband, says I have a ballot on the brain.

He says I sleep with a ballot in my pillow, and dream that I am a commander-in-chief of a large army of lots, and am cleaning out everything that looks like the male sex, while a band plays "See! the conquering hero comes!"

Such remarks show that man was created lower than the beast of the field, the carrion of the air, or the fishes that perish upon the prairies.

AN IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.—There is a very general impression that it is no transgression of law to distribute prizes by chance or lottery in the purchasers of articles of merchandise or other property. The fact is that distributions of prizes or property by chance are illegal in this State. The question lately came up before Judge Paxson, of Philadelphia, whether Flint Peaslee, a man who had an establishment on Chestnut street professedly for the sale of cough candy. This man sold small pieces of candy worth less than a cent, for five cents each, a certain proportion of which were wrapped up with tickets entitling the holder to draw specified prizes in silver coin. The man's store was thronged with buyers of the candy, and he was making money very rapidly until he was arrested on complaint of a newspaper reporter. He was held to bail to shut up his place, and held to bail. He appealed to the court to be discharged from arrest, on the ground that his business was not illegal. Judge Paxson, after hearing the facts, refused to discharge him. In rendering his decision the judge defined what constituted an illegal lottery. Briefly stated, it is the distribution of prizes by chance. "Whatever amounts to this, no matter how carefully the object of it may be concealed, is a lottery." Peaslee was put out the sign "no lottery" from his premises, which was equivalent to admitting that his business was of questionable character. No honest man will have occasion to put "not a thief" on his sign. The judge further said that the "Gift candy" business is a school in which hundreds of boys are daily receiving their first lessons in gambling. The time the matter should be put to the test of the law, and for that purpose Peaslee was remanded. The decisions of Judge Paxson cover the whole field. They apply to the sale of candy boxes in the railroad cars and to confectioners to the crowd of fakirs and peddlers that frequent shows and exhibitions of all kinds; to rifle and shooting matches; in short, to the various schemes and swindles which hold out the inducement of getting something for nothing.

GOOD ADVICE.—"Brick" Pomeroy prints a red hot Democratic paper in New York Democrat, and seems anxious to increase its circulation evidently does not want it done at the expense of country journals. In a recent issue of the Democrat he says:

"Let the country editors double if they can to make their papers interesting and let those immediately surrounding these papers do all they can to support the same, taking care to subscribe for their home papers, and then if they have money left or wishes papers from abroad to read, let them subscribe for such as suit their fancy. But let no man who has the interests of his immediate section at heart subscribe for our paper, or any other published out of the town or county in which he resides, until he has first subscribed for his home paper."

DAISY EYEBRIGHT says that clothes which are put in boiling water will be washed will certainly become yellow. They should be put in cold water, and be allowed to come to a boil slowly, and boil twenty minutes. She further says, when your clothes are hung on the line in winter, instead of pinching at them bend or lift them right up, and the clothes-pin will come off easy, and won't tear at all.